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24時間戦える男の転生譚

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No Fatigue: 24-jikan Tatakaeru Otoko no Tenseitan

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Chapter 48: Inside the Historical Remains

A few days after obtaining the cooperation of Grandpa Ganash—
I was toiling away at the daily excavation of the historical remains.

The area of each layer shrunk as we dug deeper, and I thought that at this pace, it wouldn't be long until we reached the depths of the historical remains.

And then finally, I discovered a residential area-like floor inside the historic ruins.

It probably wasn't even 10 tatami mats in size.

It was furnished in an European-esque style that was a little old-fashioned, and somehow there were even taps and a shower room.

Weathered blankets were neatly folded and piled up on the sofa in front of the fireplace.

There were leather-bound books were lined up on the bookshelves mounted on the wall.

As far as I can confirm from the titles, they appear to all be complete literature sets and history books that the study in the Corbette Village estate also had.

As for what the estate didn't have, seemly religious-related books stood out.

I collected 2, 3 volumes of noteworthy books and stored them in Melby's dimensional storage.

However, I felt a little uneasy inside this room.

It had a fantasy-like aura at first glance, but it felt somewhat unbecoming of what I know of Marquekt's culture and civilisation.

“.....Melby, what do you think?”

“Hmm..... It seems a little unusual somehow?

These are called... taps?

We never came across these kind of artefacts in the towns and villages we visited until now, right?

Master had knowledge of plumbing, but it was thought to be technology that perished a long time ago.”

“When looking at the fireplace and furnishings and such, I think they appear to be at a similar level to this world though.”

“There's a sense of dissonance even regarding those.

Roughly speaking, they are certainly similar, but stuff like the design trend differs slightly.”

Although Melby and I were both puzzled, I examine the inside of the room.

“.....hm?”

I saw what looked like the cover of a book underneath the decaying blankets on the sofa.

When I carefully moved the blankets away to have a look, it turned out to be a diary or notebook.

I slowly open the notebook(?).

Then, what appeared inside made me speechless.

“.....What’s the matter, Ed? Why are you so silent?

Huh, woah, what is this?

They look like... letters, but they’re not ancient magic symbols, nor are they part of the common language of Marquekt today.

This many wave-like letters, I wonder if you can even read them properly.....?”

“.....Alphabet.....”

Right. The notebook was written using the alphabet from my former world.

That said, it wasn’t English..... This is probably German.

When I flip the page, there is writing on the reverse side of the page, and this was, for some reason, in English.

The English writing seemed to be at a level I could read even with my unreliable English proficiency.

And, this is only a guess but the German and English writing probably had the same contents.

It seemed the skill compensation from [Cryptanalysis] was applied, so when I

tried to decipher it while comparing the English and German writing, I was able to understand the meaning as it was.

As far as I was able to decipher, it doesn't seem like there's any difference in content between the German and English.

Thus, I continued reading the English side.

It's likely that that's the reason the owner of this notebook wrote these memoirs in two languages.

If English was their native language they would have just written in English, so the one who wrote these memoirs is probably German.

In other words— this means that there was a person who reincarnated in Marquekt from Germany.

I continue reading the memoirs while translating the gist of it for Melby.

As we advanced through the memoirs, both Melby and I became taciturn.

Written there was a tale full of the deceit and weaknesses of a man who continued to trifle with lives in wickedness—.



It seems the author of these memoirs, Helmut Heydrich, was born in east Germany.

He was born at a time when Germany was enveloped in the deepest despair—Right, it was Germany during the interwar period of Nazi domination.

Mr Heydrich's family was apparently engaged in a small factory business.

Due to the munitions provided by the Nazis, his family was well-off, and Mr Heydrich was able to advance to the engineering department at university.

Then one day, he fell in love with a girl.

Proudly dressed in the uniform of the Hitlerjugend (Nazi Youth Organisation), he whispered sweet nothings to the girl but she gave him a cold glance and ignored him.

He gnashed his teeth in disgrace for the first time in his life.

The next day, he witnessed her taking a stroll with a young man.

He investigated the young man.

The man was a Jew.

He informed the Gestapo that the girl was having a rendezvous with a Jew.

He gloated when he saw the Gestapo take that Jewish man away.

He thought the nuisance had disappeared.

However, a short time afterward, the girl was taken away by the Gestapo.

The man had been the girl's second cousin.

In other words, the girl also carried the blood of a Jew.

From that point on, the girl never returned to the town again.

After losing the girl, Mr Heydrich involved himself with the activities of the Hitlerjugend.

He monitored people who seemed as though they might secretly be Jews and informed the Gestapo.

He wanted to believe that his actions hadn't been wrong.

He wanted to believe that he had discarded his silly love for the motherland.

Hence, Mr Heydrich continued his activities as Hitler's hands and feet with a bloodcurdling vigour.

And alongside his university graduation, he was assigned to be a technical officer in the Schutzstaffel.

Even in the Schutzstaffel, he stood out conspicuously and was entrusted with one of the extermination camps established in east Germany before long.

He worked earnestly even there.

He devised a scheme to disguise the gas chambers as a shower room and personally received praise from the Führer himself.

As a technician, he would brainstorm about efficiently disposing of those "lives that were unworthy of living" until late at night every day and implement them.

They would dispose of those who would harm the health of the German nation, but when it had started to become a daily routine, Mr Heydrich reunited with that girl.

Like Mr Heydrich, the girl had already reached the age to be called an adult.

The girl-turned-woman had been loaded onto a freight train packed with people with no room to breath as though they were objects and sent to the extermination camp under his management.

The woman remembered Mr Heydrich.

When she saw Mr Heydrich, who had become the commandant, the woman grew wide-eyed in dumbfoundedness—— then turned her damp eyes to him so as to seek help.

In those eyes dwelled the desperate hope of someone who had found life in a fatal situation.

Mr Heydrich rebuffed her fawning eyes with indifference.

Mr Heydrich had the woman sent to the gas chamber, killed like an insect, and her corpse tossed away like garbage.

He watched without moving an eyebrow as the young Schutzstaffel members pissed in the hole her corpse was thrown in as a prank.

That night, he had a strange dream.

In that dream, “something” that proclaimed to be Monguenues, an evil god of the underworld, conferred an ambiguous message to Mr Heydrich.

The message gradually took shape when he woke up in the morning.

——If you kill another five thousand innocent human beings, I will grant a wish of yours.

Having comprehended the message as thus, Mr Heydrich thought it was impossible.

It wasn't because he thought he couldn't kill that many people.

He just thought the ones he was killing were human beings with sin.

He firmly believed that in this world, there was a race whose birth itself was a sin.

While thousands of deaths were caused under his responsibility, he had thought that he was righteous.

However, even Mr Heydrich's life as commandant came to an end at last.

The Soviet army was approaching the extermination camp under his management.

The central government ordered him to blow up and dispose of the extermination camp.

Naturally, it was in order to destroy evidence.

Mr Heydrich thought that he had done nothing to be ashamed of whatsoever, but he also wanted to avoid being pursued in post-war court-martial.

He used the prisoners to proceed with the preparations to blow up the establishment.

But the prisoners revolted at the very end when they understood their fate.

It had been difficult for the few Schutzstaffel members who remained in the camp to suppress the revolt.

However, Mr Heydrich accomplished it with his indomitable fighting spirit.

Nevertheless, it was already too late.

The Soviet army surged forth in great numbers and encircled the camp.

The Soviet army, as though thinking of the Schutzstaffel members hastening the destructive blast, immediately bombarded with tanks.

The Soviet tank shells destroyed Mr Heydrich's castle.

The ones who could still move among the prisoners scrambled to escape.

The Schutzstaffel members subordinate to Mr Heydrich also fled, but they were soon cornered by the Soviet army and surrendered.

During that, Heydrich, who had been issuing manifestos in the office until the end, died from the tank shells that flew into the office— or should have.

When he arose, Mr Heydrich found himself in an unfamiliar space.

Everywhere was deep, everywhere was dark; the darkness of ignorance.

“Something” with a strong presence was there.

—Evil god Monguenues.

The evil god of the underworld that he thought had been a delusion brought on by a bout of imagination and thus forgot about was there.

The evil god told him.

The evil god told him that he had fulfilled the contract.

The evil god said that the number of innocents killed under Mr Heydrich's supervision was ultimately 35, 409 people.

The evil god stated that he was satisfied with that number.

And, he said that it was regrettable to let such evil go to waste.

But Mr Heydrich did not understand.

He objected to the evil god, saying that he was not evil.

The evil god laughed.

Then, said it was fine.

Afterwards, he ordered.

He ordered Mr Heydrich to reincarnate into another world, Marquekt, and devote himself to evil.

He threatened to torment his soul for eternity otherwise.

Then, he actually inflicted part of that torment upon Mr Heydrich's soul as a demonstration.

Feeling agony that grated his soul, Mr Heydrich nodded unhesitatingly.

Having reincarnated in Marquekt, Mr Heydrich chose the Sonoraat Kingdom as his stage of misdeeds.

Widespread recession, unemployment; problems of the masses. Falling national prestige and military threats.

The Sonoraat in those days was very similar to Germany back when Mr Heydrich was born.

Mr Heydrich laid waste to the kingdom to his heart's content.

He formed the religious organisation <Yatagarasu> and utilised the propaganda methods he experienced in the Nazi Schutzstaffel to incite mutual hatred among the citizens of Sonoraat, inducing them to kill one another.

The inhabitants of this world who were untarnished by government propaganda fueled the conflict amusingly and killed each other— or so Mr Heydrich wrote.

Incidentally, <Yatagarasu> was apparently derived from the holy bird worshipped by the people in the east region next to Sonoraat.

Mr Heydrich called himself a sage who came from the east and planted the concept of dividing the discontent Sonoraat citizens into “ethnicities”.

Within the span of several years, the Sonoraat citizens who possessed many views about pedigree, descent, and race split into over 10 tribes, sects, and races and started thinking of ostracising one another from Sonoraat.

Mr Heydrich indirectly, sometimes very conspicuously, continued to instigate them so they would carry out ethnic cleansing against each other.

Then, a hero saw traces of the evil god in the devastated Sonoraat and appeared, but Mr Heydrich laid a trap and killed him, then dedicated the hero's head to the evil god.

But while he was doing that, Mr Heydrich had been suffering from pangs of conscience.

The evil god, Monguenues, had said that Mr Heydrich was evil.

Ironically enough, the one who had exposed Mr Heydrich's “justice” and pointed out that he was evil had been none other than the evil god, Monguenues.

As he lived his life over after being reincarnated, Mr Heydrich bitterly reflected back on his own actions from his previous life.

In his mind, the only thing that rose to the surface was that tanned girl's look of disdain.

There was no doubt that the Nazis that Mr Heydrich had joined had already perished.

Because the Soviet army had already invaded even the camps in East Germany where Mr Heydrich was.

Presumably, the Führer would have also chosen his own death and be subjected to the gallows.

Depending on the situation, the German nation he believed in might also be dissolved by other nations.

Everything he believed in turned into froth and was destroyed.

What remained afterwards were the bitter memories of that day from his youth.

The failures of that day, when he flew into a jealous rage and snatched on the girl, driving her to her death.

Because he didn't want to acknowledge that miscarriage as a mistake, he joined the Nazis to deceive himself, frantically continuing to try to justify the him of that day by killing a lot of humans by himself.

He was able to clearly understand that through being reborn.

Even though he knew he wouldn't be forgiven, Mr Heydrich wanted to apologise to the girl.

However, that girl had been killed by none other than Mr Heydrich himself.

Mr Heydrich demanded that the evil god interfere no further, using the decapitated head of the hero as compensation.

Unexpectedly, the demand was swallowed.

There was originally a promise to grant his wish if he satisfied the conditions; the evil god simply carried out that promise.

Mr Heydrich discovered one of the historical remains of the ancient magic civilisation and established it as his home.

And there, he constructed a modest workshop and while reminiscing about his father's back from his previous life, he swung his mallet, operated the machinery, and one by one, produced various articles that would be useful in life.

Even modest things were fine.

As long as it could make up for some of the evil he had spread because of his weakness.

With those thoughts, Mr Heydrich planned to bring the various goods he made to town and put them out for sale.

However, Mr Heydrich was afraid.

He was a great sinner in his former world, and even in this world he was a hero-murdering apostle of the evil god.

He didn't know when the next hero would catch wind of him and come to kill him.

In addition, by keeping the promise, the evil god Monguenues might be better than Stalin, but that guy's true nature was "Evil".

He might become displeased about his meagre atonement and send in assassins to kill him.

When he thought that, he couldn't even work up the motivation to take the daily necessity goods he painstakingly made out to town to sell.

Mr Heydrich despaired, but even so, dying was scary, and over ten years passed with him unable to commit suicide.

Escalating his daily goods production, combined with his own originally developed magic, he became able to even make the components for railroad tracks and passenger cars.

However, as expected, he didn't possess the courage to show it to the public.

At the same time, Mr Heydrich also dabbled in the chemosynthesis of poisons.

He tried to make the gas once used in the gas chambers in the extermination camp, Zyklon B —— Hydrocyanic gas.

Mr Heydrich left these words in such a mental state:

“Just about everything were half measures.

At this age, I still understand that no matter how much I disliked it, I was missing the thing known as courage.

It was probably for this reason that I yearned to be the hero depicted by the Nazi Germanic peoples and was enthralled.

I never once wanted to be evil.

However, my weakness compelled me to be evil just by living.

As I was weak, evil was born in me just by living.

Further evil was brought forth by me trying to escape that evil.

I hated anything and everything about my second life.

Just me being alive itself was detestable.

Even so, I couldn't leave things this way.

The fact that I couldn't leave was seen through by the evil god, and while under threat, I gave birth to hell in this world.

Aah, why is hell always produced before me.

Muttering that like it was someone else's problem, not accepting it objectively as it being impossible for anyone but me to have caused the hell, I desperately search for "Evil".

'The Nazis were at fault. The evil god was at fault.' As I say that, I am able to forget my own wickedness.

Thinking back upon it, I had been living with my eyes turned away from my own evil all along.

As a result, a majority of the lives that ran through hell could feel exhilaration as though they were in a dream or the middle of a movie.

That being the case, I wondered if, conversely, the spineless me could face the "Evil" overflowing in my body and settle things if it were in the middle of a dream or a movie-like production.

I made a dramatic stage as though it was for the last scene of a movie, and in a comical manner, I killed myself using automated devices.

Just like—— Right. It was similar to the prisoners of the camp whom I killed in the same manner as an assembly-line system.

Or like that girl I possessed feelings of young love for.

As a clincher, I guess a very tiny bit of courage did well up when I hummed the war song of the SS.....”

Then, finally, came the day of his last moments.

When Mr Heydrich finished concluding his memoirs, he shut himself in the stone hut constructed in this underground space, and with the machinery he personally put together, he took a shower with hydrocyanic gas.

The man who kept running from his sins and death died in the bottom of a cellar in another world.

Even these historic remains where Mr Heydrich made his home blew up along with the gas spraying, and the majority of it became buried underground.



Both Melby and I were speechless.

Mr Heydrich had been a pitiful man who continued to be led around by a great evil.

But on the other hand, Mr Heydrich himself gave rise to calamity and was only fitting to be called a great evil.

Furthermore, it was in both Germany in his previous life and in the Sonoraat kingdom of Marquekt.

In both places, the worst, evil deeds that couldn't avoid capital punishment if brought to court, accumulated repeatedly.

Everything was due to Mr Heydrich being weak and cowardly—— such things were simple, but, well, I myself probably couldn't claim to have no relation to such cowardice and weakness.

If I were also to be driven by jealousy, I too would overlook my own weaknesses.

Mr Heydrich's weakness was a weakness also had, like we were all in the same boat.

No—— that wasn't it.

Mr Heydrich lost to his own weakness.

Trying to escape from the guilt of betraying the girl he liked to the Gestapo, he accumulated sin after sin.

The Nazis and the evil god took advantage of that gap in his heart.

As I read the memoirs, I could understand both his distress and egotism but—— besides being able to understand, what I should achieve was not empathising with him and being drawn in, but it possibly to brush it aside saying, "I'm different," even if that might be called heartless.

Since the era I was born in was different, I might ought to judge him as a hindsight and protect my own standpoint instead of sympathising with him, who should have been just a lower middle class citizen.

.....Putting that aside, the reason artefacts that didn't match the civilisation level of this world were in these historic remains was clear, thanks to this.

Moreover, as a result of the search, I discovered a few batteries and what appeared to be gun components.

Beside the guns were about a hundred bullets.

I don't intend to try using these bullets that have been neglected for over half a century, but I collect them as production samples for later.

There was also gunpowder that hadn't been turned into cartridges but it had been exposed to moisture and was now useless, so I decided to leave it here.

If I took everything, the field supervisor might suspect something.

The interior room also had what appeared to be large machinery.

However, it seemed to be something used in conjunction with magic, like what was mentioned in the memoirs, so I couldn't really grasp its usage with just this.

It looks like a gargantuan iron bobbin though, so I think it's likely to be a rolling mill for making rails.....

At any rate, I finished collecting anything that would be dangerous if passed over to <Yatagarasu>.

All I have to do now is to give this place up to the field supervisor.

The fact that the man who continues to be a weak evil across the world is sleeping further underground, I should completely forget about it and let it remain like this with no one knowing.

I wonder why Mr Heydrich left behind memoirs.

In addition, I wonder why he even purposely included an English translation.

It's likely so that someone might understand and pardon his sins even a little, but—

I don't have any reason to cooperate with that plan of Mr Heydrich's.

Chapter 49: Invitation

Two weeks have passed since I found the reincarnator's memoirs inside the historic remains.

In that time, I raised the proficiency of a few skills, while receiving guidance from Grandpa Ganash's place at night.

The cave with the rail cars that led to the underground space Grandpa Ganash resided in was strictly guarded, so I obtained the old man's permission to excavate a duct directly underneath his home.

Depending on the day, the old man would also come out to the dedicated space underground to give me guidance instead of in his home.

However, the old man was unavailable tonight so I took a break from his training.

At midnight, when I was raising my MP while waiting for everyone to fall asleep, I noticed Elemia slipping out of bed and leaving the room.

After the incident with the firedrake, the four children started acting strangely.

Miguel would sometimes be brooding with a grim face, and Beck and Donna would zone out.

As for Elemia, who I had more opportunities to converse with, she would often be seen reciting scriptures whilst praying.

I requested that the children keep quiet about what was discussed with the

firedrake.

It seems there were times when they thought back to our conversation with Agnia, as they nodded without even asking for a reason.

Thanks to that, I was able to say we “reached an understanding” with the firedrake.

I thought that was absurd, but most of the people in the Nest seemed to think that “it’s feasible for Orochi” so it didn’t become a big problem.

The fact that the children unanimously testified in strong belief also made a big impact.

Gazaine seemed to be in a good mood because the children all returned safely and didn’t inquire very deeply about the exchange with the firedrake.

It seemed like he was somewhat occupied as well, so it was also that he was unable to.

Lately, I often see the other executives moving around the Nest in a hurry.

Even Grandpa Ganash was ordered to stock up on a large amount of poison, starting with Repchipa grass.

I suppose there will be some big movement soon.

Now, I was talking about Elemia leaving the room.

As usual, I head to the field with the open ceiling.

Elemia was squatting in front of the flower field, vacantly staring at the cluster of small light purple flowers that resembled lavenders as moonlight streamed in.

Two thirds of the flowers had been picked, which made the flower field a

somewhat lonely scene.

According to what I heard from Grandpa Ganash, these flowers weren't really planted to ease the hearts of onlookers, but instead cultivated as one of the ingredients for a hallucinogen used by <Yatagarasu>.

Though I don't go so far as to doubt the flower field manager's intention of having these flowers provide a bit of colour to our lives....

Elezia probably already realised that I have come as she excels at perceiving presences; she started talking without turning around.

“Fellow believer Orochi.

I sometimes wonder what would have happened if you weren't here.”

“...Certainly, if I wasn't here then you could have remained as emissaries without suspecting anything.”

“Geez... You won't even apologise, so annoying.

But it's true that Fellow believer Orochi didn't do anything to apologise for.

Even though I want to cling to my beliefs at such a time, it concerns Evil God-sama so I can't even do that.

Ah, I could consult Mother and Father if they were here, but the Aubesso scriptures contain stories about children whose parents are demons.

I don't know what's what anymore.”

Seeing Elezia so exhausted pains me as well.

“Elezia's parents, huh.

I'm sure they're good people."

"...I know that.

An inexperienced emissary can't think about their parents.

Cherish the ones who are around now, our fellow believers.

That is what the pastor has taught us."

"Don't you want to see your mother and father?"

I know it's unfair, but I ask anyway.

"...I want to see them. Isn't it obvious that I want to see them!"

Elezia grabbed hold of me.

"But if I don't do my job, Mum and Dad will fall to hell...!"

"You already know that those doctrines are just convenient for the organisation, right?"

Elezia's grip weakens.

"...I also understand what Fellow believer Orochi is saying.

I've gradually come to understand.

But I can't stop believing in Evil God-sama...

If I stop, so many things will become unbearable."

So many things—for example, being separated from her parents and living a life underground, or killing people while calling it a sacred task and such.

If *<Yatagarasu>* hadn't kidnapped Elemia, those issues wouldn't have arisen in the first place.

However, it means that the Evil God is necessary for Elemia to overcome those issues.

I'm glad that Elemia can now say these things, but she'll probably draw back if I jump at it immediately.

Hence, I quietly take a deep breath and then broach the subject.

"If you want peace of mind, aren't there many other doctrines?

No one would prefer to choose a religious organisation that kidnaps children and makes them kill people."

"Other... doctrines?"

"In my hometown, there was this kind of doctrine:

In this world, there is a great Buddha called Amitābha-sama who is watching over us.

That's why there is no need for us to do anything special in order to be saved.

It's enough to just entrust everything to the Buddha and chant 'Namo Amitabha Buddhaya'."

I suppose this is also modern knowledge.

“Just chanting is enough...?”

“Who knows, I don’t know the details but that was our religion.

Our doctrine was a method that anyone could carry out easily.

If you couldn’t be saved without special training, a majority of the world would be unsalvageable.

Amitābha-sama wouldn’t say such shallow things.”

“I-I don’t have to kill any more...?”

“As long as you believe in Amitābha-sama.”

“Amitābha-sama, huh... A name with a mysterious ring.

And Namo Amitabha Buddhaya, was it.

It’s like a spell in a fairytale.”

Elezia giggled.

“Also, that person said this.

Even a wrongdoer can receive aid from Amitābha-sama if they are penitent.

As long as someone is alive, they will also do wrong.

What’s truly the problem is not recognising you did wrong.

The important thing is to realise yourself that you did wrong and repent.”

I feel like they actually said something more profound, but all I know is that much.

Even that was no more than retelling what I heard from a granny in the countryside when I was small.

Because I was living in a world with little prospect of evil and sins and such.

“Does Fellow believer Orochi believe in that Amitābha-sama?”

“No, I’m not a Buddhist.”

“Then how do you sustain your spirit?”

“Spirit, huh.

I am blessed.

Because I have parents who love me without restraint.

Someday, I will return to the two of them without fail.

That is what I’ve decided in my heart, and so I put up with the present.”

That’s not all I’ve set my heart on.

— — I will crush this religious organisation by all means.

At this point, whether it had anything to do with the Evil god or not was a trivial matter.

Of course, I am angry about them drugging my family.

However, I am angrier about them separating little children from their parents and taking advantage of their anxiety and loneliness to make them kill people.

These guys who do such things, I can't leave them alone.

I don't know whether it's because I'm suffering from Prison Psychosis, but even though I'm over 30 years old mentally, I feel like crying when think about Julia-kaasan, Alfred-tousan, and Steph at night.

To be honest, if Melby wasn't here—or if the children, including Elemia, weren't here then I probably wouldn't be able to stand it.

Even I am like this despite having [No Fatigue].

I wonder how anxious and nervous the other children must be.

“...Fellow believer Orochi, you are strong.”

Elezia says.

“It's just a façade.”

“The fact that you can be like that means you're strong.”

Elezia says enviously.

She says it as though she isn't accustomed to being strong herself.

“...Elemia.”

“What?”

Elemia innocently tilts her head to the side as she asks. I resolve myself and said,

“—Won’t you come with me?”

“...Eh?”

“I haven’t said anything about it until now, but I intend to crush this organisation.

Will you come with me afterwards?

Well, although I say come, it’s just returning home.

I’m sure Julia-kaasan and Alfred-tousan would welcome you, Elemia.”

No matter what, they did accept someone like me after all.

“C-crush, you say...!”

“Honestly, I’d like your help as well, but that would be harsh on you so I won’t ask that of you.”

Elemia stayed silent for a while before saying this.

“...Is Melby-san here?”

“I’m here?”

Melby says as she reveals herself.

I have also asked the children to keep quiet about Melby.

“Mum said that fairies can tell when someone is lying.

So I want to ask you.

Is Fellow believer Orochi telling the truth?”

“He is.”

“Then, have the executives of <Yatagarasu> been lying?”

“They have.”

“...I see.”

Elezia sighs.

“Thank you, Melby-san.

Fellow believer Orochi, can I give you my reply after considering it a bit more?”

“Yeah, of course.”

Chapter 50: Invitation (continued)

A large-scale Mass is being held in the chapel today.

A large-scale Mass with Gazaine in attendance— Remembering Grandpa Ganash's warning, I had the four children, as well as Nebil and a few other emissaries (they're called Orochi's faction or something), ingest diluted doses of the medicine I received from him.

According to [Appraisal], this medicine uses magical substances that neutralises the effects of hallucinogens.

Small sake cups full of “consecrated” wine were distributed throughout the chapel.

When I use [Appraisal] on the wine,

『[Good Quality] Wine. The hallucinogen Mescaline has been mixed in.』

is what appeared.

Mescaline?

『Mescaline: A hallucinogen made by using knowledge from another world as the base. It does not cause physical dependence, but there may be a medium degree of emotional dependence. Processed with Shalha Vaux's legendary class skill [Condition Setting] to ensure that there is no deterioration.』

Shalha Vaux is the name the owner of the historic remains, Mr Helmut Heydrich, used in this life (although he's already dead).

I also wanted to investigate [Condition Setting], but I already used [Appraisal] twice in succession for Wine > Mescaline, so I couldn't delve further.

Believing in Grandpa Ganash's skills, I drunk the hallucinogen-spiked wine.

...Yup, there was no change in both my mind and body.

After it was confirmed that everyone had drained their cups of wine, the cups were collected and the Mass finally started.

Gazaine spoke of a large-scale operation that would soon take place, and then the Archbishop's sermon took place.

A gigantic human face appeared in the smoke-filled chapel.

The face spanned three metres from the tip of the head to the bottom of the chin, and it could be seen through to the altar on the other side.

It was pale, like an apparition, but it looked unexpectedly young; it had the appearance of a young man.

So this is Archbishop Glutometsa.

《——Dear children of <Yatagarasu>... It is finally the end of Monguenues-sama's suffering, the one who bears the title of the Evil God....》

Glutometsa's voice itself was clear, but it sometimes sounded inflated as though he was putting on airs.

Oops, let's not forget [Appraisal]——

Hey, this is...!

While I was stunned by surprise, Glutometsa's speech continues.

《—The underhanded techniques you've tempered until now.... If Evil God-sama is to be referred to as evil, then we shall willingly be referred to as evil as well.... Bearing this resolve, use your assassination techniques to.... In preparation for that moment in the near future, polish yourselves even more sternly.... I may be repeating myself but the moment is approaching... Dear children, absolutely don't be negligent...》

The emissaries who had been dosed with the hallucinogen gradually grew more excited as Glutometsa continued to leisurely sing out praises, whereas I remained completely cool-headed.

Let me share Archbishop Glutometsa's [Appraisal] results.

《Illusion. An apparition produced by Gazaine Munzer's legendary-class skill [Illusion Magic] 9.》



In short, there was no such thing as the Archbishop.

Securing the Archbishop when the religious organisation is overthrown was an important factor so I had trouble making the final decision, but since Archbishop Glutometsa = Gazaine, things will be settled quickly.

The four children didn't experience an uplift in mood because they had taken the antidote. They were bewildered, but as I had instructed them beforehand, they didn't make a big deal out of it.

Nebil and the others were the same.

Nebil was an especially good actor; he took the initiative to start a chant in response to the Archbishop, even though he was supposed to be sober.

...I wonder if he's really sober.

Although Nebil's foundations are excellent, he does make blunders once in a while.

Well, the incident with the Ususake Mushrooms was my fault though....

After the Mass ended and everyone left, only Elemia remained.

Elemia was kneeling at the altar, facing the statue of the Evil God with both hands clasped together in prayer.

“Evil God-sama... Evil God-sama...”

She addressed the god.

I'm worried, but now is not the time to speak.

I cast a backward glance at the praying Elemia, then used [Espionage Techniques] to sneak into the back of the chapel.

As expected, Gazaine was there.

Of course, there's no way Archbishop Glutometsa would be there.

Sensing a presence suddenly appearing behind him, Gazaine turned around with a sharp gaze.

I greeted Gazaine with one hand and say with a cynical smile on my face,

“Hey, where did the Archbishop disappear to, Leader?”

“...So it’s you. Don’t startle me.”

Even though I appeared, Gazaine doesn’t seem shaken.

Instead, he makes a brazen smile and shrugs at me.

Gazaine knows that I don’t believe in the Evil God.

Just why does he let me free nonetheless?

Part of it might be because he finds it amusing, but that shouldn’t be all.

I’d like to draw out the answer to that soon.

There’s a risk, but me being obedient would probably seem more ominous to him.

You can’t obtain a tiger cub without entering the tiger’s den.

The other day I even slipped into a dragon’s lair, to say nothing of a tiger’s den.

I won’t get cold feet this late in the game.

That said, I need a smokescreen at least.

I showed Gazaine the wine cup that I had pilfered before coming here, and spilled its contents on the spot.

“Tch... A brat with sticky fingers.

Did you not drink it.”

My action caused Gazaine to have a great misunderstanding.

“It’s magnificent.”

“...What is?”

“This religious organisation.

I thought it was a thoughtless doctrine to have people sneaking around and killing people; however, I don’t know why but you have quite a splendid religion here.”

“As usual, those aren’t a brat’s thoughts.

But it’s the opposite.”

“Opposite?”

“Yeah.

‘Sneaking around and killing people’.

In order to have them do such things, a half-baked doctrine was no good.”

“I see.

You’re saying that a doctrine full of deceit and sophistry is necessary for that exact reason.”

“A religion is generally like that anyway.

Having them believe in an imaginary god and a heaven that doesn’t exist, and for them to forget about the cruel reality before their eyes is what a religion does.”

The representative of this religious organisation is an incredible atheist.

...I’ll say this just in case, but this is purely Gazaine’s personal opinion.

My grandma was a Buddhist, and yet she was kind to me and was adored by my cousins as well.

I personally have no religion, but I have no intention of denying people of such.

But before that, gods really do exist here in Marquekt.

They even have distinct blessings known as Skill and Levels.

“I think God exists.

Even the Evil God exists.”

“Those guys won’t save us.

They’re simply governors of the world.”

“...Even the Evil God?”

“Who knows.

According to one theory, the Evil God used to be one of the gods as well.

However, he abused his power as a god and was chased from heaven.”

“That’s a first.”

“Abusing one’s power and being chased from heaven, isn’t it kinda chic?”

I will no doubt fall to hell when I die.

Since there’s no way someone like me will be saved by God.”

“Wouldn’t you be saved if you believed in the Evil God?”

“Heh. How transparent. You already know though.

The Evil God is the only god who would even give a scoundrel like me power.

Unexpectedly, the villains worship the Evil God not because of sophistication or capriciousness, but out of seriousness, you know?”

“.....You too?”

“No way. I do sympathise with the Evil God though.

I believe in myself.

Even if the path leads me to hell... I will rely on my own power, and cut through that path.”

I suppose he’d even make a deal with the Evil God.

“Is it alright, that <Yatagarasu>’s leader of all people is declaring such things?”

“You don’t believe in him anyway, right?”

“.....”

“I’m not really rebuking you.”

Gazaine hesitated for a brief moment.

It’s a rare occasion.

When it comes to speaking, I thought this man would chatter away.

And then, the words that came out of his mouth after he paused was truly something unexpected.

“—Won’tcha come with me?”

I was flabbergasted.

Gazaine advocated further.

“I don’t have the heart to settle with just being the boss of such an uncool religious assassination organisation.

Someday, I intend to usurp a country and become a king.

I have the power to do that much.”

Gazaine seems to gaze off into the distance.

However, there were no fragments of dream-like ambiguity in his eyes, instead there was strength, like he was focused on something that was there.

He had the serious expression of a man who was always looking for trouble somewhere.

I suddenly became embarrassed somehow, and tried to dodge the issue with sarcastic words.

“The Assassination King?”

“Don’t make fun of it. I’m serious.”

“So you have that much of a backing?”

Be honest, this organisation’s doctrine wasn’t something that your pragmatic brain came up with, was it?”

“.....Another thought that shouldn’t come from a brat, as usual.

But that’s fine.”

“Oi, oi... How disgusting.”

“I know that it’s not in your character.

You are different.

Your power exposes those around you to danger.

At this rate, you, born with overwhelming power, will be unable to live normally, you know?”

“That’s a line I wouldn’t expect from a man who coerced me into coming here by holding my family hostage.”

“Hmph.

Stop with that unsympathetic manner.

You probably understand already though.

The ones who covet your power is not just <Yatagarasu> alone.

If you’re just aiming for the “dark side” of a society like ours, then it’s true that you might be able to strike back if you get stronger.

It’s just like you think, under that thick skin of yours.

However, the nastiest ones are actually those on the “surface”, you know?

They would pose threats under the guise of a sound argument and make use of you, saying things like ‘those with power have an obligation’.

If you reject them, they will immediately judge you as a risk factor and will either kill you or drive you out.”

“.....”

I was unable to form a reply to Gazaine’s words.

I can’t say I’ve never thought about there being such danger.

Digging up the history knowledge from my previous life, I easily understood that Gazaine’s remark was not necessarily an exaggeration.

“—I can make a place for you to belong.

In public, this religious assassination organisation is indeed regarded as evil.

No, not in public; looking at it objectively, it is evil itself.

Full of deception, <Yatagarasu> is an automated instrument for assassination.

—But you know.

If I win, this is how it will turn out.

I will crush Santamana and establish my own kingdom.

The state religion will be the Evil God's doctrine.

<Yatagarasu>'s emissaries will be reborn as clergymen instead of assassins.

By that time, you will probably have grown up too?

It would be fine to even entrust <Yatagarasu> to you entirely, after it has become a holy religious organisation.

If you say that the authority in this world is good, then I can even confer the rank of Marquis to you."

"...You're also good at making empty promises."

"I have calculated that this is possible if you follow me."

"Why?

I am certainly abnormal, but I'm no match for you in combat.

No, to begin with, there's no way you can build a country with just one individual's fighting strength."

Gazaine couldn't reply to my words immediately.

Gazaine's gaze that was looking at midair, noticeably became stern.

It was as though someone's figure had appeared in his line of sight.

"—I know another brat like you.

In order to oppose that brat, I want your power."

"—A brat like me, you say?"

“Oh? So you’re interested.

In that case, let’s make this information into negotiation material.

If you follow me, I’ll give you information about them.”

Damn.

Did I bite off too much?

“You know, there’s a society in this world that is more profound than the underground, one that people are hard pressed to even call ‘the darkness’.

I had a peek into that society, albeit only a small peek.

As a result of that, I became able to zero in on those guys.

That’s why I know.

To associate with those guys who surpass reason, we also need to bring out beings that surpass reason or else.

I don’t know if you are someone like that, but you are the one with the highest prospects amongst those I’ve gathered.

For a time, I wondered whether Elemia was such, but although she is unique, she’s not special.

The one who I thought was special was, in the end, you alone.”

“...That’s a considerably unreliable story I hear.”

“In reality, it is an unreliable story.

I believe in my sense of smell.

That is all.”

“Don’t you resent me?”

“Resent? Why?”

“I killed a considerable number of <Yatagarasu>’s emissaries before coming here.”

“A foolish question.

You never did anything to incur the wrath of mankind.

It’s not like I have any remaining right to resent people.

If I had to say, I would resent the me of the past who underestimated you and only invested a small amount of combat strength.

Well, I do my best at all times.

Even if I reflect on it, I won’t regret it.

Constantly moving forward, moving forward.”

“Sounds like a tiring way of living.”

The me with no fatigue is like that but I unintentionally said it.

“Isn’t it better than stepping back and losing interest?”

“I suppose there is a mountain of corpses behind you as you continue to move forward.

Not only enemies, are supposed allies and emissaries also tools used by you to advance forward?”

“What, those guys die believing that they can go to heaven.

Nevertheless, they’re probably happier than me, who is set to go hell.

There’s no god who will save me.

That’s why I must obtain paradise with my own strength.”

Gazaine stood up after saying that.

Then, he walked off without turning back towards me.

“H-hey...”

“Hmph. Think about it.

Isn’t it tedious, accompanying them to play make-believe assassin indefinitely, even for you?”

I could only watch in dumbfoundment as Gazaine departed.

Chapter 51: Rebellion

My days in <Yatagarasu> have finally come to an end.

Donna and Beck from the children's group have gone to do their sacred task.

Sacred task—— in other words, killing people.

After sending off the two children on their journey, I finally resolved myself and raised the beacon for the rebellion.

It will be executed on the day of the Mass.

It seems there are several sacred tasks taking place concurrently. It wasn't just Donna and Beck; quite a number of emissaries will be away from the Nest and will miss the Mass this time.

On the other hand, many of the executives will remain at the Nest in order to attend the Mass.

It's troubling that the executives will be here since they possess a strong combat ability, but the fact that there's no need to worry about letting them get away is ideal.

Even in the unlikely event that the emissaries become hostile, they probably won't be able to fight properly because the majority of them will be under the influence of Mescaline.

My companions and I closely exchange information while waiting for the day of the Mass.

On the day of the Mass, I distributed the antidote to both Mescaline and Repchipa Grass to my companions, confirmed the plan over and over, and then went to the chapel.

Instead of the usual atmosphere, there was instead a nervous atmosphere inside the chapel.

In the beginning, I thought it was just that my companions and I were nervous because of the act we had planned, but somehow the executives, including Gazaine, also appeared unusually tense.

Today is a special Mass, and the wine containing Mescaline was poured into a goblet that was larger than usual.

I handed out a larger dose of the antidote than what was required so I think it should be fine, but I had cold sweat.

Recently, there hasn't been a single calm place in the Nest.

The sacred tasks were set to be executed concurrently, and yet the executives halt their procession and have everyone standby at the Nest.

It's as though they were preparing for what was about to happen.

I don't believe it, but... has our scheme been leaked out...?

However, no matter how much I probed, I couldn't find any signs of such things.

Since I can't postpone the plan because of a simple fear, we resolved ourselves and decided to take action today.

But it seems that those were groundless fears.

Immediately after the Mass began, the Archbishop was suddenly summoned, skipping Gazaine's sermon.

The previously seen 3 metre tall face of a pale young man appeared.

I try [Appraisal] just in case, but there was no doubt that this was produced by Gazaine's [Illusion Magic].

The illusion floated there with its eyes closed for a few minutes without saying a word.

It coughed once, fostering an air of hesitation. Among the emissaries who had drunk the wine (those who were not of Orochi's faction), some crouched down in a bad mood.

After giving us plenty of suspense, the illusion slowly started spinning a tale.

『Dear emissaries... The time has finally come.

It's time to build Evil God Monguenues's kingdom above the ground with our hands...』

Those were words used to incite a rising to action.

I see, so the reason the executives stayed was this.

Nevertheless, isn't it good that they were gathering everyone together even though it means halting the other sacred tasks?

Those were my thoughts for a brief moment, but once I thought about it more, I understood the answer to that question.

In this case, there's no need to revise the plan.

While I was nodding to myself, Archbishop Glutometsa's illusion had disappeared, replaced by the appearance of Gazaine who proceeded to preach— trying to appeal them to rise to action.

“—When those who are currently outside return... we will go usurp a kingdom.”

At Gazaine's declaration, the emissaries who were present became noisy.

“Our target is Sanamana Kingdom's royal capital, Monocchanus.

Starting from the king, Vistgard the First, we will assassinate every important person in the country, then take advantage of the chaos that ensues to usurp the royal castle.

At the same time, we will have the troops who have infiltrated the royal capital execute their task of spreading propaganda towards the citizens of the capital.

If you come across anyone who opposes you, it is because they are the devils. Assassinate them without leaving anyone behind.”

Someone cleared their throat, and it sounded awfully loud.

“It’s the guidance of the Evil God.

Fellow believers, will you come with us?”

At Gazaine’s words, the chapel fell into silence.

Then,

“—I don’t want to.”

I said, walking out from the chapel.

Behind me, the emissaries who had become my “fellow believers” were standing in a row with the children at the centre.

There were ten-odd adults, as well as several children.

“...What did you say?”

Gazain asked with a grim face.

“I said I don’t want to, Leader.”

“You bastard, what are you saying to your leader! ——《Reconsider》!”

Jumping out from the flank was one of the executives—His name is Gazlow if I’m not mistaken—but he spoke the keyword to the collar of “loyalty”.

However—

Click.

“...I already knew how to release this a long time ago.”

I said, lazily pointing at the released collar with my finger.

“What...!”

Gazaine talks instead of the speechless Gazlow.

“...that okay, Orochi.”

“What is it?”

“This is a clear revolt.

Now that I’ve said that I want to do that, this will no longer end with just disciplinary action.

Your position is one with no turning back.

—You’re okay with that?”

“Yeah.

Besides, these aren’t just my thoughts. They’re everyone’s thoughts.

There’s no need to stick with the delusions of this religious assassination organisation any further... is what I’m saying.”

At my words, Gazaine once again turns his gaze towards the emissaries standing behind me.

“I did think you alone would try to kill me, but... just what is the meaning of this?”

Didn’t you guys believe in the Evil God?

Where and how did you change your mind?

No, I should say, how could you change your minds?”

“Certainly, the various methods of brainwashing you used were nothing but a nuisance.

But in the end, everyone revised their thinking.

Though they were also wounded by your deception.

That’s why they decided to believe in a new god.

Even though I said that gods are but phantoms in reality, they didn’t listen.

No, they replied that it was fine even if they were.

If they can live on without sacrificing any more people, they would even believe in an inconceivable god, is what they thought.

—Now, everyone, let’s tell them about the new god you believe in.

Namo Amitabha Buddhaya!”

““Namo Amitabha Buddhaya!!””

The emissaries standing behind me—No, the ex-emissaries all chanted the god’s name in unison.

The Evil God’s chapel shivered like they received an electric shock from the loud voices.

“You, just what did you do!?”

Gazaine screamed, glaring daggers at me.

I grinned, saying,

“—I didn’t do anything. Everything was the doing of Buddha.”

“Stop messing around!”

“Besides, what could a brat like me do?

I’m no more than an ordinary 11-month-old baby you can find anywhere.”

“As if such an 11-month-old baby exists!”

I was told off.

Although, that much was the truth.

“I’ll say this though, everyone here has consumed the antidote to Mescaline.

You won’t be able to manipulate them with just your magic.”

When I said that, Gazaine clicked his tongue loudly.

“Shit... You even got that old geezer Ganash on your side.”

Gazaine glared at me while scratching his head.

“Ah, I get it.

So you’re saying that I’ve been rejected by you?”

Gazaine is probably talking about the aforementioned invitation.

“Sorry.

But I believe.”

“In what?”

“In the people who think I’m important.

Besides, if I have no place to belong to then I can just make one myself.

I don’t think I’ll follow something like the Evil god just because I have no one to rely on.”

“...Hm.

So you’re just a brat who doesn’t know about the world after all.”

“The world isn’t necessarily an easy to live in place, but there’s a better place if you search for it.”

“Then by all means, go search for one.

However, no matter where you go or who you meet, there won’t be anyone who understands you from the bottom of their heart.

And no matter where, there are idiots that you can’t do anything about who will want to hang all heretics.”

“That’s not true.

In reality, don’t I have you who understands me?

Being different to those around you, being disconnected from common sense—you taught me the sorrows and dangers of that.”

At that time, a purple light flickered in the corner of my vision.

One of my companions had used the 《Thunderbolt》 that I taught them to render the executives who tried to move helpless.

That was the trigger; lightning started flashing everywhere.

Afterwards, apart from us, the only ones left standing were Gazaine and his followers.

Naturally, that didn’t mean that we also beat down the emissaries who were confused by the situation and hadn’t chosen to be on either side.

Although they were confused at the situation, they were unmistakably trained assassins, and the majority hung close to the walls to escape the danger.

There might be some emissaries who got entangled in, but I had told them not to use lethal force.

Though I’ll forgive them if they’re in a crisis.

“—Tch.

To think I’d fail here.”

Gazaine says with a sour face.

However, there was no despair on Gazaine’s face.

He’s probably thinking that it’ll be fine if he kills me and recovers order.

The only thing showing on Gazaine’s face is irritation, no impatience.

I still can't break the spirit of one of the top assassins, <Yatagarasu>'s leader Gazaine with just this much.

“——Gazaine Munzter, fight me.”

“What did you say?”

“Here, you've lost to me as a religious leader.

However, you still haven't lost your spirit as an assassin.

In order to undo the brainwashing on everyone, I have to show them the defeat of <Yatagarasu>'s leader.”

“Oi, oi... Are you saying that for real?

Who do you think I am?”

“If that's what you think, just try me.”

“Shit, it's not even funny... However, I have wanted to knock down your conceited mask at least once.

——Hey, you guys, don't interfere.

I'll be the one to bring this guy down.”

Saying that, Gazaine takes a step forward.

Then, he retrieved a single copper coin from the pocket of his black clothes.

“——The signal will be when this coin hits the ground.”

“Alright.”

He snorted at my arrogant reply, then flicked the coin with his finger.

Not upwards—towards me.

I caught the coin with [Psychokinesis] but in that time, Gazaine had vanished from his previous position.

Then, a sharp blade came swinging down at me from behind.

I had already shifted the left half of my body, so I dodged the blow aimed at the vital point between my left shoulder blade and collarbone by a slim margin.

“You have... [Discern]!?”

Gazaine muttered in astonishment.

After the secret training I had with Elemia who was similarly unaffected by fatigue, my [Discern] skill had already reached Counter Stop.

Contrary to its name, Discern (all-seeing), this skill can grasp invisible presences approaching behind you, so it's possible to dodge by a paper-thin margin.

Gazaine followed up with a kick, and I moved in accordance with the kick's direction to completely eliminate the force behind it.

To counterattack, I use [Psychokinesis] to grab Gazaine's boot and throw him.

"Nnn... Uooooh!?"

Gazaine did a tailspin in midair. He then twisted his body and escaped the overbearing throw that wasn't restrained by my throwing posture, doing something that even Miguel couldn't handle despite his [Qinggong].

Is this for real?

In that moment of surprise, Gazaine pushed off against the ground with one hand, and using the recoil from that, leapt back and took some distance away from me.

I recovered from my surprise and released a steel thread in Gazaine's direction.

Gazaine tried to cut the steel thread using the dagger he retrieved from his pouch.

However, just before the dagger touched the steel thread, he hurriedly withdrew the dagger and dodged the steel thread by bending backwards.

Having missed its target, the steel thread struck against a nearby pillar.

The steel thread produced intense sparks and lost its momentum.

Right now, [Lightning Magic] has been added to the steel thread via [Enchantment Magic] but... Gazaine withdrew his dagger at the last moment as though he had a bad premonition about the steel thread.

It's probably the effect of the legendary-class [Sense Danger] skill that the Evil God added.

Of course, no matter how much danger is sensed, it's a meaningless skill if you don't have the ability to avoid it. Needless to say, Gazaine does have that much ability.

However, Gazaine's posture broke with his consecutive unnatural movements.

Here, I decided to play one of my trump cards.

“Fire|Shoot (ト・ル)——《Flame lance》”

I produced a 《Flame lance》 with an instantaneous chant.

The trick was in the magic symbols.

ト(Flame) was i, ル(Conset) was r.

These two characters were transliterated into magic symbols, to apply the meaning of the words “Fire|Shoot”.

Naturally this was not Marquekt's common language but Japanese.

Even if Japanese is converted to magic symbols, it's an issue of my own mental image so the chant functioned without a problem.

Incidentally, it was enough to just keep both meanings in mind while using the pronunciation of “ir”.

It's an innovative chanting technique that would cause Abaddon, who I consider my mentor, to go wide-eyed in surprise.

However,

“Uoooh!? F-fast!”

Even the instantly invoked 《Flame Lance》 was avoided by Gazaine using his superior body movements.

However, that wasn't a problem.

If it was dodged, I just have to continue firing until it hits.

I repeatedly cast 《Flame lance》 by etching ir, ir, ir.

Shooting energy balls was a basic of 2D fighting games.

Aiming at Gazaine who was unseemly fleeing about, I threw incandescent fire lances out rapidly.

“Don't get... carried away!”

Gazaine brandished the dagger in his hand along with a scream, and cut down the flaming lances that came flying at him.



There's no time to cast [Appraisal], but he's probably using a weapon imbued with magic.

I pile on further 《Flame Lances》 but Gazaine leapt towards me while cutting down every single lance of flame assaulting him.

Then, Gazaine suddenly changed direction in midair, and his pointed shoe tip came aiming at my head.

—However, that was an action that I had read.

“Change to Scarlet (ト V トλ)—《Fire Blast》!”

卜(Flame), V(Spread), 卜(Flame), λ(Wind).

Their respective pronunciations were i, s, i, u.

I split this into i and siu, applying the kanji for scarlet and effect, transliterating this into all-kanji style.

Even if I do this, as long as my mental image doesn't lose shape, the kanji are effective as magic symbols.

To produce Julia-kaasan's 《Flame Storm》, I still need one more of V, 卜, and λ respectively, but I have yet to be able to cast that seven-symbol invocation stably and successfully.

In addition, even I will end up being caught up in it if I fire 《Flame storm》 inside an enclosed space. I don't need that much power.

Thus, I omit 3 characters from 《Flame storm》 and devised an original magic spell.

The burst of flame that gushed out from in front of my body directly engulfed Gazaine, who was midair and couldn't move.

There was no way to avoid the red-hot tornado that formed a vacuum, even if it was Gazaine.

Reaching his limit, Gazaine was sent flying, his entire body wrapped in flames. He bounced on the floor as he tumbled over to the wall on the opposite side of the chapel.

The emissaries watching over my fight with Gazaine had their breath taken away.

There was no signs of movement from Gazaine after he collided with the wall on the other side, although his clothes had been burnt to pieces.

“——Did I do it?”

My muttering echoed through the chapel that was dominated by silence.

Chapter 52: Mutual Deception

“——Did I do it?”

A chill ran down my back as I muttered that without thinking.

I throw myself into the air by instinct and use [Psychokinesis] to aid me in somersaulting forward.

When I check with [Discern] whilst in midair, I saw a knife pass through the place I had been in just before.

After I landed, I spin around in the direction that the knife had come flying from.

There I saw Gazaine’s figure leaning with his back against a pillar and his arms folded.

“Tch. Good instincts.”

Gazaine clicks his tongue.

I flick my gaze at the other “Gazaine” that had smashed into the wall while burning a moment ago; the only thing there was the chapel’s wall.

“—[Illusion Magic], huh.”

I muttered without thinking.

I made a bit of a mistake, but Gazaine spoke without noticing it.

“That’s right.

It’s a pity I missed just now, but your trump card... you’ve shown me the basics of it already, you know?”

Gazaine said with a grin.

“Damn...”

As I drew back, my face revealed my frustration.

“Is that the end of your tricks?

In that case, I’ll come at you seriously now.”

With those words, Gazaine’s body divides.

Gazaine, who had increased his numbers to 3, attacks me from the front and sides with staggered timing.

Damn... Which one’s the real one!?

However, that thought itself was the trap.

None of the three bodies were real. While I was confused, the real Gazaine thrust a sharp knife at my unprotected back whilst clad in darkness!

But—

“What!?”

The one who cried out in surprise was Gazaine.

And that's how it should be, as Gazaine had stabbed nothing but empty space. I was unharmed.

“—《Grand Dasher》!”

The floor beneath my feet imploded with my chant as I ran towards Gazaine and attack him.

Even this, which should have caught Gazaine completely by surprise, was evaded by him.

That said, this was also within my calculations.

From inside the sediment that I had unearthed with my 《Grand Dasher》, I used [Psychokinesis] to grab the two swords that I had buried beforehand. I then used [Flying Sword Techniques]—No, I used the [Flying Swordsmanship] I recently acquired to send these two whirling blades at Gazaine.

“Whoa!?”

Gazaine repelled one of the blades with the dagger in his hand, but the other one shallowly grazed his side.

My first effective strike.

I attack him a second time with the flying swords while using [Steel Thread Techniques] to seal off Gazaine’s path of retreat.

However, Gazaine averts the [Lightning Magic]-imbued steel thread with the leather part of his gauntlet and makes a huge backward somersault to create some distance between us.

I try throwing a separation barrier fragment at him with [Throwing Techniques], but this was easily evaded.

—Like this, we’re back to square one.

“Heh... You’re not bad...

I see, so your ‘clone’ was.... made with [Light Magic].”

Gazaine said, making a brazen smile.

Right. When Gazaine initially used his [Illusion Magic] clones as a decoy to attack me from behind, what his blade pierced was a mirage I had produced with [Light Spirit Magic].

Having learned that most of this world does not know about the properties of light from the exchange with Grandpa Ganash, I created a spell (mirage) that bent light to produce a false image.

By the way, I had intuitively realised that all three were fakes the moment he showed me the three clones.

However, I purposely pretended to follow Gazaine's plan to draw him in, thinking of settling it with the combination of 『Mirage』, 『Grand Dasher』, and [Flying Swordsmanship], but Gazaine simply bit a hole in my trap.

With this exchange, two of the trump cards I prepared have now been used.

The shallow wound in his side being the only thing I got out of it was painful.

Damn... He exceeded my expectations.

His deceptive fighting with [Illusion Magic] also did so, but the most dangerous part was his [Sense Danger].

No matter how excellent Gazaine's physical abilities were, he wouldn't have been able to dodge all of my surprise attacks so far without [Sense Danger].

“Geez, how many tricks do you have....

You jack-in-the-box bastard.”

Gazaine's eyes were laughing as he said that.

—This is it.

Contrary to when he is acting as leader, Gazaine's eyes really light up like a kid when fighting.

Even though he's said to always be nefarious, my feelings of hatred end up fading away when I see these eyes of his.

Geez, I can't bear to do away with this charming villain

"Ahh... It's regrettable to have to kill— you!"

The moment I heard 'you!' come from behind me, the Gazaine standing in front of me disappeared.

— [Illusion Magic]!

I had already been caught within Gazaine's deadly range.

[Discern] told me that the back— was not where the attack was coming from, but instead the front.

So even the "You!" I heard from behind was an illusion.

I had already started turning, but I forcefully knock myself backwards with [Psychokinesis] to try to escape from Gazaine's attack range, but his attack was him thrusting with the dagger— as an illusion, within which needles were hidden.

However, the needles merely shot through the mirage of me only shifting half of my body which I had created beforehand with a chantless 《Mirage》.

But Gazaine had simply made allowances for that, sending out daggers, kicks, hand chops, throwing needles, and the steel thread stored in his gauntlet at me at a hectic speed.

Furthermore, he coordinated that with his [Illusion Magic].

I naturally had no time to use [Appraisal], so I had no choice but to use [Mana Detection] to perceive it somehow.

Caught in a violent rush that I couldn't evade even with the near-counter stop [Discern], blood sprays out from all over my body.

“What’s the matter!

Are you weak at close combat, Orochi!”

“Yeah——I’m bad at it!”

I stop Gazaine’s stabbing with the light, handmade outerwear on my torso.

I sensed Gazaine’s surprise when I felt the tip of his dagger.

A high-levelled [Assassination Techniques] has the effect of penetrating an armour’s weak point.

This stab just now was an attack aiming at the weak point of my defense, intended to pierce through to my heart.

To stop that like I did was not possible with ordinary magic.

The scraps that comprised my outerwear firmly immobilised the tip of Gazaine’s blade, causing him to go stiff with surprise.

With this phenomenon that betrayed common sense halting Gazaine’s movements —

“Namo (Θ π ξ λ)——”

Θ (condense) π (aqua) ξ (thunder) λ (wind).

I hit him with an electrified sphere of water configured according to those magic symbols—

“Amitabha (π ξ Τ X π)”—

π (aqua) ξ (thunder) Τ (flame) X (mix) π (aqua).

Burned him with a fire bomb via electrified oil—

“Buddhaya (Ξ λ Σ ∨ λ)!”

Ξ (seismo) λ (wind) Σ (shock) ∨ (spread) λ (wind).

And a wind-attributed shockwave sent him flying.

I had started making these magic symbols as a joke, but I myself believed that the words “Namo Amitabha Buddhaya” seemed to possess a spell-like feeling and that it felt closer to a chant than anything else.

It didn’t factor in bringing about an image, but since it had the characteristic of being easy to enhance by imbuing mana and being invigorated, I practiced it over and over to use as my best trump card.

I use [Appraisal] on Gazaine who been electrified, roasted, and sent flying into the wall from a shockwave.

《Gazaine Muntzer. HP: 19/140, MP: 176/439 (39 + 400).》

This time, it wasn’t an illusion.

“—Oh Earth Spirits, bind my enemy.”

Finally, I affix all four of Gazaine’s limbs to the wall with [Earth Spirit Magic].

“—Gazaine, it’s your loss.”

“Damnit....”

With his limbs constrained by the earth bindings, Gazaine glares at me while cursing.



What defended against Gazaine’s stab in that last exchange was—believe it or not, the [Dragon Scale Defence] skill.

I made my outerwear by using the Dimension Chisel and [Carving] to make a hole in the separation barrier fragments and tying them together with steel thread.

By searching for a protective method to liken this outerwear to the scales of a dragon, I succeeded in acquiring the [Dragon Scale Defence] that both of the firedrakes, parent and child, possessed.

This was not by chance.

“Releases all skill acquisition restrictions” was one of the effects of the 《Goddess of Virtue’s Blessing》.

Because it was also a skill, I wondered if that meant I would be able to acquire it even if it was a dragon's skill.

After I thought of that, I repeated this trial-and-error with Melby.

[Dragon Scale Defence] was a skill that catches attacks with sturdy scales, breaking and blocking an opponent's weapon with the coordination of the scales working together, just like what happened with Gazaine earlier.

Dragons are able to move their scales with their muscles, whereas I had to move them with [Psychokinesis]; to be blunt, the usability was extremely bad.

Even so, I thought that I wouldn't be able to outwit Gazaine unless I prepared a surprise at this level.

Presumably, the reason Gazaine couldn't respond to [Dragon Scale Defence] was because his [Sense Danger] didn't come into play.

[Sense Danger] was a skill to "be able to perceive every sign of danger as well things that could be related to danger."

And in reality, he was so overly responsive to my attacks to the point where I was fed up.

However, I wondered if his sensing didn't consider his own attack being defended against as a possibility of Gazaine falling into danger.

My [Dragon Scale Defence] skill was, in accordance with its name, a skill for defending, so that in itself can't be considered "something related to danger" for Gazaine.

Despite the fact that I prepared so many tactical variations to face this fight with Gazaine, I had no idea how precise his [Sense Danger] skill would be.

And then I used up all of my trump cards before I finally managed to beat Gazaine.

No—— I had just one more card in my hand, but I didn't really want to reveal it to the public, so I'm glad I could defeat him with the three consecutive sets of magic symbols after my [Dragon Scale Defence].

When I slowly approached, Gazaine launched a hidden needle at me as a final struggle, so I used [Psychokinesis] to catch it and throw it back.

Receiving the hidden needle in his shoulder, Gazaine gave a small moan.

“Now, let's talk.”

“...About what?”

“About that guy.

You know, right?

About the baby who is like me.”

“You want me to speak honestly?”

“Fortunately, my father, Viscount Chrebl, is well-known in the military. I have all sorts of methods to make even you confess.

It's not like I'm someone who really sticks to duty."

"Hmph... You'll regret it if you don't kill me here, you know?"

"To be honest, it being hard to kill you because I've gotten attached is true.

Not killing you right now, though, is because it's unnecessary.

Are you already satisfied?

If you spit it out now, I won't torture you on purpose."

"Keh. How sweet.

So sweet you're making me sick.

And— that naivety will be fatal."

As he said that, I saw Gazaine signal with his eyes.

I followed his gaze and turned around by reflex.

At the end of that gaze, I saw a person appear from empty space.

That figure thrust the needle in his hand at the shoulder of a smaller figure standing in front.

He removed the hood covering the figure who was stabbed by the needle, and from inside spilled out short, silver hair.

It's Elemia!

Elemia's body shuddered, then she crumpled on the spot as though she had lost her strength.

The suddenly appearing figure thrust a knife at her nape.

That person was the middle-aged emissary with shifty eyes.

“Gazlow-san!”

The one who shouted seems to be Nebil.

I use [Appraisal] on Gazlow once more.

《Gazlow Outlaw (<Yatagarasu> Special Forces Leader | 《Gazlow the Ambuscader》)

44 years old

Level 39

HP 73/73

MP 24/24

Skills

- Legendary

[Ambush] 4 (extinguish your presence enough to prevent raising the attention of surrounding people)

- Master Class

[Espionage Techniques] 4

[Sense Presence] 2

- General

[Stealth Steps] 9 (MAX)

[Crossbow Techniques] 6

[Eavesdropping] 5

[Assassination Techniques] 5

[Steel Thread Techniques] 5

[Night Vision] 4

[Hook Techniques] 4

[Unarmed Combat] 4

[Command] 3

[Dagger Techniques] 3

[Knife Throwing] 2

》

It's roughly the same result as the last time I saw a chance and used [Appraisal] on him.

I had carried out intelligence gathering on the one leading the Special Forces, Gazlow, beforehand.

Because [Ambush] was a skill that could be a threat, I especially checked it in detail with Nabil and Elemia who were affiliated with the Special Forces.

According to the two of them, Gazlow's [Ambush] was indeed a skill that would make one's presence harder to perceive than with [Espionage Techniques], but Elemia was able to grasp his presence with her [Sense Presence] and 《Blessing of the Dark Forest》.

That's why this time, I asked Elemia to hide her presence with [Espionage Techniques] and keep a surveillance on Gazlow's movements.

For Elemia to receive a surprise attack meant... it was likely that Gazlow had kept his true strength hidden from the Special Forces as well.

“Hey, don’t make any strange actions, Orochi.

Since it’s a jack-in-the-box like you, any trivial action might have something behind it.

If you move about even a little, I’ll consider her life gone.”

Gazlow says as he licks his lips.

“Gazlow-san! Come to your senses!

<Yatagarasu> is strange!

To listen to Master Gazaine’s orders and kill others under the pretext of being for Evil God Monguenues’ sake, that’s such a ridiculous story!

We are just being used by Master Gazaine!”

Gazlow observed Nabil shouting with cunning eyes, like a snake looking at a frog.

“Oh, oh... Nabil, you... Did you forget who saved you?”

“T-that...”

Nabil flinched, but continues.

“...is true. It can’t be helped that I have to be slandered as ungrateful.

Even so, I don't intend to continue deceiving myself any longer!"

"Keh... Is that so.

Well, fine. I was the one who stuck you there in the first place."

"Stuck me...?"

"What, didn't you notice?

Back then, back there, I was using [Ambush] just like I did now, you see.

Then, I fired an arrow from within the mob of goblins—I was aiming at you, who was full of holes because of the panic caused by the goblins and such."

So he's referring to the time that he saved Nabil from the goblin mob that Nabil had previously mentioned to me.

I had thought it was suspicious, but... it really was as I thought.

"Wha...!"

"I had been taught so many methods of killing that I hated it, so it was rather difficult to shoot without killing you.

Since I needed to have you become an assassin much later, an injury that would leave after-effects would also be bad.

Well, there would be blunders if whoever was doing it wasn't me, the great Gazlow."

"Y..... You bastaaaaaard!"

Nebil yelled with his face flushed, but he wasn't as imprudent as to jump out there.

Breaking the silence that had befallen the chapel was a deep laugh.

The owner of the laughter was—Gazaine.

“Too bad, Orochi.”

When I looked at Gazaine who I had crucified to the wall, I saw Gazaine laughing with a grin on his face.

“—Mmph.”

Gazaine bent his entire body in an arch, and teared off the dirt bindings that shackled him.

Carrying Elemia with one hand, Gazlow detoured around me to converge at where Gazaine was now standing free.

“—Orochi, you have no choice but to accept your defeat here.

You did well.

However, your endgame was poor.

If you want Elemia to be released, you will turn a blind eye to me.

Me, Gazlow, Letticia... Oh and every one of the Special Forces barring Nebil and Elemia, you will release us all.”

Letticia was the one whom Elemia referred to as the “Pastor”.

I cast my eyes down, unable to answer to Gazaine's request.

"Silence, huh. Don't disappoint me too much, okay?

Even though I thought I had finally found a replacement for Goleth... The fact that it turned out this way is a pity."

"....."

"What's the matter... Have you become scared at this stage?

Good grief, my eyes were clouded too.

You're just a kid after a—"

"...Heh heh."

"—||... Ah?"

"The naïve one was you, Leader."

Chapter 53: Checkmate

“The naïve one was you, Leader.

—Donna, Beck!”

From among the former emissaries standing behind me, two small figures stepped out.

The figures remove the hoods concealing their face.

Naturally, it was Donna and Beck.

“—For killing, appear after devising a scheme for assured death.

It’s what you’ve told me time and time again.”

Saying that, I gave him a brazen smile.

However, Gazaine’s reaction was outside my expectations.

“Hmph, what can those two do?

Striking suddenly is one thing, but you think you can win by coming from the front?”

“Oi, oi, Leader-san.

Don’t tell me you don’t know what it means for these two to be here.”

I said after sighing.

“What it means for these two to be here...?”

“These two should originally be out killing people under your orders around this time.

However, they are here right now.

The meaning... of that.”

Hearing my words, blood quickly drains from Gazaine’s face.

“Wha... D-don’t tell me...!

Y-you! You know about my deal with the Evil God...!?”

“That’s right.”

I use [Appraisal] on the flustered Gazaine.

《Gazaine Muntzer. Status: Deal with the Evil God (Due to the Deal with the Evil God Mongunes, powerful bonuses have been gained. Terms and conditions: Raise 100 children into assassins and make them each kill at least 5 people before the deadline. Degree of completion: 98/100, Deadline: 39 seconds remaining.)》

Since the time I was attacked at the Viscount Chrebl residence in Fauno City, I have always kept this [Appraisal] result in mind.

From time to time, I would check with [Database] and continued to wonder if

I couldn't prevent this somehow.

Remember when I unthinkingly muttered, “[Illusion Magic], huh,” back when Gazaine showed me himself being “done in” with his [Illusion Magic] and I immediately noticed my blunder?

This was naturally because there was the possibility of Gazaine remembering about his deal with the Evil God if he noticed that I was able to peek at his status with [Appraisal].

Fortunately, in Gazaine’s mind, this deal appeared to have been settled and completed, so he didn’t suspect anything about my intentions at that moment.

Finally, today.

The timing for when everything had been put in order.

The Mass, Donna and Beck’s first sacred task, and the deadline imposed on Gazaine.

Of course, Gazaine didn’t intend to have everything done at the last minute; if Donna and Beck had followed his plans then they should have assassinated their targets a week ago.

Moreover, Donna and Beck were expected to return to this Nest a few days from now.

The two have already overcome the brainwashing.

I had the two pretend to still be deceived, restrain their emissary escorts after setting out on their mission, and then return to the Nest.

For the drug specialist Donna, it was no trouble to neutralise the off-guard emissaries.

Of course, they would be discovered if they returned to the Nest as they were, so I got Melby to use Gate and had them standby in the Fairy Hamlet.

Incidentally, the children who were too young to defend themselves were also entrusted to Melby to look after in the Fairy Hamlet.

I taught Cecil and Cecila how to play Fruit's Basket and Cops & Robbers, so they should be engrossed with playing around this time.

Since this exists, it can be said that there's no need to forcibly fight with Gazaine.

Naturally, I needed to defeat Gazaine in order to make the brainwashing reversal of the emissaries conclusive, but it wasn't absolutely necessary.

In some respects, I wanted to fight Gazaine and settle the matter.

That thought led to betraying Gazaine's side, but... this can also be considered a "fight".

"Only 38... 37 seconds remaining.

With that, you're finished.

Were you relieved that you managed to meet the goal?

That you had finished offering up the final sacrifice?

Thinking about it, your merry behaviour back when we returned from the firedrake's lair was strange.

It wasn't me, Elemia, or Miguel, but Donna and Beck that you absolutely couldn't lose for your deal with the Evil God.

Although you considered them hopeless at one point, Donna and Beck returned.

Then you were able to safely send them out for their sacred tasks.

You were relieved.

However, that negligence was fatal.

Gazaine Muntzer, disappear and have even your soul tormented by the Evil God, unable to return to the cycle of death and rebirth.”

“R... Ridiculous! That’s... ridiculous!”

“It doesn’t matter if it’s ridiculous or whatnot.

It’s the promise binding you, right?

Take proper responsibility for it to the end.”

“Gu..... Uoooooooooh...!”

Gazaine screams, tearing at his head.

Then, he pointed at the children behind me with his blood-covered hand.

“You guys! It’s not too late yet!

Kill those fellows around you!

Listen, you need 5 people.

If you don’t kill 5 people, you guys will be dragged down to hell by the Evil God!

Along with your parents!

If you don’t want that, kill them immediately!”

The children flinched at Gazaine’s threatening attitude.

I heard one of the children murmur “Namo Amitabha Buddhaya...” in a small voice.

“What are you saying, Gazaine Muntzer.

You’re the one who’s going to hell.”

“Guooooohh...!!”

Gazaine leapt at a child by the wall, forcing a knife in their hand.

That one had a special skill or something and wasn’t part of the children’s group.

Because of that, he hadn’t been taking cover behind me, nor had he been entrusted to Melby at the Fairy Hamlet beforehand.

“Y-you, you kill them!

That’s right, any of those useless emissaries over there will do!

Anyway, kill five of them!

—Hey, the emissary over there!

This is the Evil God’s will!

For my sake, be killed by this kid here!

Please dieeeeeee!”

As one would expect, even the emissaries who hadn’t been released from the brainwashing were bewildered and looked around at each other.

Gazlow, holding Elemia hostage, was also clearly shaking.

Taking that opportunity, Elemia slipped out of Gazlow’s arm and conversely took hold of his arm, pulling Gazlow down.

Giving a surprised shout, Gazlow was quickly bound by Elemia.

“Kill! Kill them!

Ignore everything else and just kill them!

If you don’t kill then be killed by the Evil God!

I’ll be killed by the evil god!

The one who did the most for <Yatagarasu> until now is me, you know!?

You guys, kill the person next to you right now, kill themmmmm...!”

“...It’s about time.”

《Deadline: 5 seconds remaining.)》

“4, 3, 2...”

“Uooooohhh...!

Ooooooh... Guoooooh!

Kill them, Kill, KILL KILL KILL K——”

“Zero.”

The same moment I muttered that, Gazaine’s body was engulfed in what appeared to be black fog.

No——

“Ugaaa....!

Ga.. Guaaahhh...!”

Looking closer, it was a jet black serpent.

—or so I thought, but now it looked like black fog again.

It wasn't that that black thing was changing.

When I think it's a snake, it becomes fog; When I look at it thinking it's fog, it appears to be a snake.

It was a thing with an unknown nature.

It coiled around Gazaine's body, and countless "mouths" bit into his body.

"Guwaaah...! Arghhh...!"

Hurts! It hurts!

H-help me.... Somebody...!

Somebody..."

"Gazaine.

You have killed an incalculable amount of people until now.

And yet, you're afraid of your own death?

Or is it that you thought you were the only one who wouldn't die?"

"Kill... Please kill..."

"You're still saying that. I'm sure the people you had killed also wanted to say that."

“No!

Me... Kill me... Please kill me!

That thing's really bad!

It's not just death... It's being devoured!

I'll be greedily devoured, soul and all—by the Evil God!”

“...”

Seeing Gazaine's screaming figure, everyone was speechless.

“...Now you see it, right?

The true colours of the “Evil God” we worship.”

The former emissaries cover their faces at my words.

Some of the female ex-emissaries were even crying.

Being deceived went deeper than being beaten up; it wounded the heart.

Enough for them to possibly even prefer to continue being deceived.

Rather than Gazaine's killing of people, I couldn't forgive him more for deceiving people and using them.

For people to believe in other people was an extraordinarily precious thing.

I was taught this by my parents in my current life.

The two of them believed in me unconditionally, despite my strange nature.

To the extent that I could easily deceive them if I had any ill will on my side.

Gazaine falsely presented himself as the archbishop and held the trust of many people.

Gazaine had said he was able to maintain his tension by incurring the enmity of others, but I guess he was also able to procure that tension by deceiving people.

I can't help but say that a guy like that has no reason to comment on whether someone has a place to belong or not.

Gazaine tried to create a place for himself to belong by deceiving others.

As long as he was on the deceiving side, he wouldn't be fooled.

On one hand, as long as you tried to believe in someone, the possibility of being deceived would follow.

For his own peace of mind, Gazaine chose to be the head, and as a result, became unable to have faith in anyone.

More than half of Gazaine's body had already been swallowed up by the black fog.

I don't know what sort of torture Gazaine was being tormented by, but he did nothing but spasm and it seems like he is even unable to speak any more.

I dumbfoundedly watched his situation while shuddering but,

"Wait, do you plan on letting him be consumed by the Evil God!?"

Melby's words returned me to my senses.

That's right, it won't be good if he gets consumed by the Evil God like this.

The additions appended to Gazaine's status would end up becoming the Evil God's.

Although, I dare say Melby was just saying that letting him be eaten would be cruel.

"Namo—— Amitabha—— Buddhaya!"

The three spells I fired without restraint sent Gazaine's head flying from the midst of the black fog.

Oooh——

The Evil God cries out bitterly.

"Bye then, Leader.

With this, I've graduated.

You shouldn't have any complaints, right... I killed you as you wanted.

These three months were——well, unexpectedly enjoyable."

Gazaine's half-burned eye stared fixedly on me——or so it felt like.

That's right, I have to say this at least.

“——Namo Amitabha Buddhaya. May you rest in peace.”

There was no reply from Gazaine.

Chapter 54: Goddess-sama, once again.

“—Hi~, it’s been a while.”

Before my eyes was the goddess.

And beneath my feet was Marquekt, as seen from outer space.

It was the regular place, the goddess’ room.

After the duel against Gazaine, I cooperated with both the children and Nabil’s companions to restrain the emissaries that we feared could be hostile, like the upper echelon of <Yatagarasu> and the Special Forces.

We had been prepared to take them on whilst outnumbered at worst, but it seemed that Gazaine being devoured by the Evil God (more accurately, him starting to be devoured) had given them all a great shock, and a majority of the emissaries were stuck in a daze.

Just in case, we decided to disarm and confine them in the section of the underground space normally used as the residential area.

They didn’t resist at all as we did so.

I felt it was unnecessary, but Nabil’s gang kept a watch on rotation just in case.

The residential space only had one railroad to the other areas, so they could easily stand guard with such a small number of people.

Of course, Gazaine and the others who’d built the Nest had probably designed the layout with this in mind.

There were a few things that had been outside of calculations.

Firstly, the fact that we failed to catch the “Pastor”.

I had stationed Miguel and a few of Nabil’s comrades to monitor the pastor, but she somehow managed to slip past the surveillance and disappeared unawares.

Another thing was that there were a few people who had fallen into a panic rather than a daze, and several of those people ended up rushing out from the Nest.

Since we don’t have any spare personnel to send out in pursuit, there was no choice but to let them escape for now.

Based on the circumstances, they are sure to have lost faith in the Evil God, so they won’t be any harm... I hope.

However, considering the strange things people do when they become desperate, it is also possible that some might kill themselves in despair.

I want to put them under protection if possible, but I’m obliged to prioritise seizing the Nest first.

Via the Fairy Hamlet, I quickly messaged Alfred-tousan about the emissaries who escaped, as well as the details of the confrontation with Gazaine.

As soon as the message arrives, my father’s side should be able to think of countermeasures as well.

By the time I finished this series of arrangements, the day had already started dawning.

Immediately after I defeated Gazaine, I vaguely felt a sense of drowsiness.

Of course, it's not that I became sleepy after working all night long, but rather it was the sleep growth that came from defeating Gazaine.

Unlike at Ranzrack Fortress, it seemed like I wouldn't fall asleep all of a sudden as long as I braced myself.

That said, I couldn't help feeling heavy the whole time.

Once the aftermath had been dealt with, I entrusted Nebil and Elemia with further matters and decided to get some sleep.

I then commenced sleeping for the first time in four whole months and awoke in a dream where I had a reunion with the goddess, as previously mentioned.

“Yeah, it has been a while, Goddess-sama.

Er... It's been about four months, huh.”

After returning the greeting, I heard a voice from behind me that I shouldn't have been able to hear here.

“Eh... Ehh!?

Just where is this!?”

When I turned around in surprise, Melby was floating behind me looking confused.

“W-why is Melby here?”

“Why... I don’t know!”

I turned back around again, directing a questioning gaze at the goddess.

“Oh my.

Melby-san ended up coming with you.

I only summoned you alone, but it seems your connection with Melby was stronger than I thought.”

“A-and that’s why she came with me...?”

“Because Melby-san is a fairy that was formed from a Gift, you see.

Other people... Something like Julia-san being summoned together with you, for example, won’t happen.”

“S-so, just what is this situation!?

That pretty person over there is... eh, it can’t be...”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Melby-san.

I am the goddess who governs the transmigration of souls, Atrazenec.”

“Eh.. EEHHHHHHH!?”

Melby froze with her mouth open.

The goddess smiled sweetly at Melby, then turned to face me and returned to our conversation.

“I’d like to take the time to apologise for neglecting you for so long, but the growth sleep this time is brief, so I’ll get straight to the point.

First is the customary transfer of skills.

—This time your choice is between this, and this.”

The goddess extends both hands out at shoulder-height.

Floating in the palm of her right hand was some kind of grey haze, while a red warning light-like thing was calmly rotating in the palm of her left hand.

When I cast [Appraisal], it showed 《Gift of [Illusion Magic]》 and 《Gift of [Sense Danger]》 respectively.

“This time, I can only give you one of these two.

The leader of <Yatagarasu>, Gazaine Muntzer, had nothing but his deal with the Evil God so he didn’t obtain a curse, and his body was swallowed up by the Evil God.

I’m sorry but the enhancement of your 《Goddess of Virtue’s Blessing》 will have to be postponed.”

“That can’t be helped.

It’s my mistake.”

I compared the two Gifts and after a little bit of thought, extended my hand towards the Gift of [Sense Danger].

The Gift disintegrated into red particles and was absorbed into my body. [Appraisal].

《Edgar Chrebl (Viscount Chrebl's fourth son | Noble of Santamana Kingdom | 《Baby Scarlet》| 《Boundless Orochi》| 《Negotiator》| 《Dragon Buster》| 《Friend of Fairies》| 《Spirit Sorceror》| 《Amitabha's Envoy》| 《Guru》·《Jack-in-the-Box Bastard》)

Level 32/40 (Awaiting Level up)

HP 94/94 (↑27)

MP 5641/5641 (↑2473)

Skills

• Mythical class

[No Fatigue] –

[Instant Interpretation] –

• Legendary class

[Psychokinesis] 5 (↑4)

[Spirit Magic] 5 (↑3)

>> [Sense Danger] 1 (NEW!)

[Appraisal] 9 (MAX)

[Database] –

[Telepathic Communication] 5 (↑3)

• Master class

[Throwing Techniques] 7 (↑5)

[Shuriken Skills] 6 (↑4)

[Flying Swordsmanship] 5 (NEW!)

[Steel Thread Skills] 5 (NEW!)

[Assassination Skills] 5 (NEW!)

[Discern] 5 (NEW!)

[Physics Magic] 9 (MAX)

[Fire Spirit Magic] 5 (↑4)

[Earth Spirit Magic] 8 (↑4)

[Wind Spirit Magic] 3 (NEW!)

[Light Spirit Magic] 1 (NEW!)

[Thunderbolt Magic] 5 (NEW!)

[Enchant Magic] 6 (↑3)

[Mana Control] 8

[Letterless Invocation] 8

[Mana Detection] 5 (↑4)

[Magic Language] 5 (↑2)

[Sense Presence] 7 (↑3)

[Darkvision] 7 (↑5)

[Echolocation] 3 (NEW!)

[Espionage Techniques] 5 (NEW!)

[Triangle Kick] 2 (NEW!)

[Carving] 7 (↑4)

[Compounding] 4 (NEW!)

- General

[Throwing Spear Techniques] 5

[Dagger Techniques] 5 (NEW!)

[Unarmed Combat] 5 (NEW!)

[Flying Sword Techniques] 9 (↑4, MAX)

[Shuriken Techniques] 9 (MAX)

[Throwing Axe Techniques] 2

[Knife Throwing] 9 (↑4, MAX)

[Steel Thread Techniques] 9 (↑5, MAX)

[Assassination Techniques] 9 (↑4, MAX)

[Grappling Hook Techniques] 4 (NEW!)

[Dragon Claw Techniques] 2 (NEW!)

[Dragon Scale Defence] 5 (NEW!)

[Leap] 9 (↑5, MAX)

[Fire Magic] 9 (MAX)

[Water Magic] 6 (↑2)

[Wind Magic] 9 (↑2, MAX)

[Earth Magic] 9 (MAX)

[Light Magic] 9 (↑1, MAX)

[Lightning Magic] 9 (↑2, MAX)

[Telekinesis Magic] 9 (MAX)

[Mana Manipulation] 9 (MAX)

[Simultaneous Invocation] 9 (MAX)

[Mana Perception] 9 (MAX)

[Cryptanalysis] 2

[Eavesdropping] 9 (MAX)

[Farsight] 5 (↑1)

[Nightvision] 9 (MAX)

[Stealth Steps] 9 (MAX)

[Woodcraft] 9 (MAX)

[Cooking] 5 (↑3)

[Pharmacy] 9 (MAX)

[Command] 2 (NEW!)

『Goddess of Virtue's Blessing +1 (Atrazene)』

『God of Virtue's Blessing (Kannumarne)』(The blessing of the god who governs religion, Kannumarne. Small correction for acquisition | growth of skills in the [Holy] System. Raises the Charisma of the divine blessing target. Increases the persuasiveness of the divine blessing target's words. Titles become easy to acquire. Also, the influence for title conferment to others becomes larger.) 』

...Yup.

I see a variety of things I want to comment about, but let's first check the acquisition of [Sense Danger] (the >> part).

At any rate, the status is long!

If I don't think of a sorting method soon, it'll become convoluted...

“May I ask you the reason for choosing that one?”

“Although [Illusion Magic] was also attractive, it's because I was thoroughly tormented by [Sense Danger].

Even though it looks simple at first glance, it's an extremely troubling skill when an enemy uses it.

Besides, with the incident this time, I understood through experience how dangerous it is to be targeted by a skilful assassin no matter how many skills I have.

Well, I don't think there will that many skilful assassins at that level though."

"It's good that you were able to deal with them before <Yatagarasu> caused a great disturbance.

If they didn't get involved with you then Santamana would have become the overt kingdom of the Evil God around this time."

"A lucky break, huh."

I don't feel that it's good that I was targeted by assassins though.

"So, Goddess-sama's only business is the Gift?

I've prepared a tonne of questions though..."

"I will naturally answer them, but there's something I'd like you to look at before that.

—Um, it's this."

The goddess snapped her fingers, and something I recognise appeared before us.

Chapter 55: The Slasher's Identity

What appeared before our eyes was a large display of about 50 inches.

The goddess snapped her fingers once again, and a video started streaming.

“Everyone, this mansion that you see nestled in a corner of this quiet high-end residential area is the home of the modern day necromancer, Tooru Kizaki!”

It was a Japanese talk show.

A familiar middle-aged female reporter with heavy makeup that emphasised her nostrils turns her face and approaches the camera.

The sight of a high-end residential area that even I know the name of was projected behind her.

In the image, a crowd of people from the press could be seen standing in front of a noticeably large mansion.

“Wow, wow! What is this!?

Some sort of scene is being projected on this ordinary board!?”

After finally recovering from her petrification, Melby made the clichéd action of going around to the back of the display to peer inside.

She asked the goddess who was cheerfully watching on,

“...Is this the aforementioned slasher?”

“Yes.

The program is a little vulgar, but this was the most detailed one.

Wouldn’t you at least want to know Tooru Kizaki’s profile for when you take him on hereafter?”

The female reporter pushed the intercom button of the single mansion.

Next to that intercom hung an expensive-looking stone nameplate with “Kizaki” written on it.

“—Hello?

Who might this be”

“I am Nikaidou, from Fusou TV.”

“—I’m sorry but I’m not taking any interviews.”

“The world won’t consent to that!

For your son to have caused such an incident, how do you feel as a parent of his—”

The intercom cut off with a click.

The reporter relentlessly continued to ring the intercom even after that, but there was no response.

In the end, the relay ended with the camera aimed at a curtain-covered

window of the mansion.

Then in the studio, the commentator used the panel to explain the details of the incident with a know-it-all look.

Tooru Kizaki was 34 years old at the time of the incident.

He was four years older than me, so in a broad sense, he could be said to be of the same generation as me.

But as far as his personal history goes, it's better to say that the worlds we live in differ.

With the director of a pharmaceutical company as his father and the daughter of the manager of a large hospital as his mother, Kizaki was a typical medical elite.

After graduating as the top student of the medical department at Tokyo University, he gained clinical experience at a teaching hospital in America. When he returned to Japan afterwards, he exploited his reputation as a genius surgeon.

But behind his brilliant mask, he was the chairman of a cult circle that worshipped the devil (Beelzebub).

Their secret doctrine was very thorough, but police came to mark them secretly after people started disappearing one after another from within the circle in the recent years.

However, Kizaki was smart and had vast connections in various circles so they couldn't find many leads on him.

The situation no doubt shifted on “that day”.

Kizaki appeared on the road in front of my regular game centre after he slaughtered his ex-wife and shot the detective marking him with a pistol.

After killing three people on the street, Kizaki got into a scuffle with a male civilian bystander (me).

He then died when this man stabbed him in the heart with a knife he had while covering for a high school girl who was petrified with fear.

—The man was accused of being the slasher and was shot to death by the police officers who came running afterwards, as was reported over and over.

However, three—if you include Kizaki’s ex-wife, the detective tailing him, as well as the apartment manager who got caught up with the detective, it would come to six people—what was brought to light from this slasher incident where six lives were lost was merely the beginning.

After Kizaki’s death, the police raided the house in the metropolitan area where Kizaki lived.

Inside the house valued at \$500 million, which overshadowed his reputation as a genius surgeon, was a basement that didn’t exist on the blueprints.

The confinement cages fitted with iron lattices were still cute.

Aside from the room lined with cages, a “torture chamber” filled with many torture devices and a “black magic chamber” (both termed by the media) that resembled a witch’s laboratory were also prepared underground.

And after a thorough search, a giant “freezer” was discovered behind a concealed door deep inside the black magic chamber.

An innumerable amount of—severed human heads, entrails, skin tanned

like leather, bare muscles, blood preserved in glass jars, and skeletons with flesh clinging to them were methodically sorted and carefully stored within the freezer.

Furthermore, many of the severed heads were mummified with their expressions full of agony and terror.

According to the police, the corpses that were discovered numbered a hundred at the minimum.

It was announced that a DNA analysis was currently in progress, and the numbers may increase further based on the results.

“Based on the notebook found in the so-called “Black Magic Chamber” of modern necromancer Kizaki, he believes in a fictitious god known as Evil God Mongue...sues—”

“Monguenues, isn’t it.”

“Ah, yes, Monguenues.

It seems like Kizaki offered that flesh, blood and entrails to the fictitious god thus named.

—This is a copy of Kizaki’s notebook that was released to the public the other day.”

Saying that, the commentator tapped on the studio panel.

As befitting of a doctor, displayed inside the notebook were accurate sketches of stolen property, with what looked like annotations written in tiny characters densely packed around it.

But that wasn't what caught my attention.

“—Magic symbols!”

That's right. There were magic symbols written down in the notebook.

There were mistakes here and there, but there were letters that spelled out “Evil God Monguenues” in Marquekt's common language.

Next to that was an annotation in katakana saying “Monguenues”.

“Muroki-san, what are these unfamiliar characters?”

The announcer inquired.

“According to Kizaki's annotations, they are the letters of Marquekt, another world where the Evil God Monguenues resides in.”

“Another world, is it...”

The announcer's face looked as though they were trying to suppress their laughter.

“Of course, they're just Kizaki's delusions.

It's unclear when Kizaki was first enslaved by this delusion, but there are anonymous posts online who claim to have deciphered Kizaki's notebook and it has become a hot topic.

According to the posts, the language of Kizaki's delusions can be seen to

possess a consistent structure that is enough to classify it as a language.”

“That... What does that mean?”

“As an expert of criminal psychology, I have to say that it doesn’t have any special meaning.

It simply provides evidence to support Kizaki’s high intelligence; the contents of his delusions are insignificant.

To try to pick out the meaning in it means stepping foot in the delusional world that captivated Kizaki. There is the fear of mental instability, as well as the fear of temporarily being haunted by a psychosis-like notion.

In reality, there seems to have been an increase of people on the internet proposing that Kizaki’s case is a prophet receiving correspondence from another world.”

“Irresponsible arguments, aren’t they.”

Responded the announcer who irresponsibly televised Kizaki’s notebook.

The screen changed, depicting a male reporter who was checking the condition of his earphones with the camera in front of him.

A big building was projected behind him.

“—Oh, there seems to be something happening in front of Daishowa Pharmaceuticals where Kizaki’s father serves as the director of.

—Furuhashi-san!”

“Yes, this is Furuhashi.

Right now, Kizaki's father, Mr Kizaki Hiromu, is about to exit from Daishowa Pharmaceutical's headquarter building!

— Kizaki-san! A comment about your son's incident please!"

The reporter named Furuhashi thrust a microphone at the solidly built man in his 60s that was Kizaki's father.

...I also felt this way in my previous life, but they sure have the guts to do this kind of thing.

Kizaki's father turned his face away from the camera with a grimace, and walked at a brisk pace towards the black car he had hired.

The TV camera followed the car Kizaki's father had boarded, then the screen returned to that of the studio.

"It was stated in a previous interview that Kizaki Tooru's father, Mr Kizaki Hiromu, did not intend to resign from his position as the director of Daishowa Pharmaceuticals.

What do you think for him to not even have a word of apology in regards to his son causing such an incident, despite being someone involved with medical care?"

The announcer commented.

Comments baring the people's feelings such as "the parents can't be held responsible for the actions of an adult over 30" and "that's unrelated, they should take responsibility for raising such a monster!!" appeared in the viewer's response column below the screen.

This time, the criminal psychologist commentator opened his mouth.

“My goodness, what Kizaki, who is a natural-born medical elite and referred to as a genius surgeon, did is nothing but disgusting.

On the other hand, I can’t hide my surprise that a young otaku, who was hanging around the game centre all day, instead of going on a date despite it being a holiday, did such a heroic deed.”

“How boisterous!”

Ignore that!

“It looks like this statement became an issue on the internet, causing a flood of protests.

Remarks claiming that this commentator was bringing down the program and such.”

“Serves them right.”

It’s been a while since I said that.

“—Now then, changing the subject, at the world’s largest gaming tournament sponsored by American search engine Glimpse, REVOLVE, a Japanese high-school girl—”

“...That’s enough, right?”

The goddess snapped her fingers again. The displayed image paused.

The news was a little worrying but... since I reincarnated, it's a story that no longer concerns me.

"You were called a variety of names in your former world, weren't you?

In Marquekt, that would give you a dozen titles.

Because it's a rare chance, I'll just convert one of them into a title of this world.

《God Kagi》, 《Tomonori the Brave》, 《Otaku Hero》, 《Young Otaku》, 《Godly》, 《Hero of Tragedy》, 《Real Slam Fighter》——Now, which one will you choose?"

A difficult decision has arrived.

"Well, although it's rare..."

"Eeh? It seems you don't get into things easily.

Then I'll choose for you, okay?

Let's see, would 《Tomonori the Brave》 or 《Otaku Hero》 be better?"

"No, those are the ones I don't want the most!"

"Then choose properly.

I've already used my quota for Gifts so I can't not give you one."

"Ugh... T-then, I'll go with 《Hero of Tragedy》."

I'm also drawn to 《Real Slam Fighter》, but it has been copyrighted.

If we're talking about a name that won't cause any dissonance when seen by someone from Marquekt then this is the only one.

Names like 'the Brave' were clearly in bad taste...

"That's the title the foreign media gave when reporting this series of incidents.

Within Japan, it was exclusively 'hero' though."

"I didn't ask about that."

"Besides that, the cabinet ministers also spoke of conferring the People's Honour Award to you.

Thanks to the poor response towards your case, there was a reshuffle among a few of the cabinet members and the popularity of the political power dropped, but it looks like they were aiming for that leverage.

Sure enough, it seems they were flamed on the internet.

Well, if they did confer it to you, I would have let you collect it as a souvenir at least."

"...There's a lot I want to retort on, but firstly, it seems that Goddess-sama has been browsing the internet too much."

"I began by gathering information for your sake, but it was so interesting I unintentionally...

I even started a blog recently, you know?"

"As if I care!"

The goddess ignored my retort, and the large display suddenly disappeared.

Melby, who had been staring intently at the display, extended her arm with a reluctant “Ahh...”.

“Now, my business is over with this.

Was it a little useful?”

“Yeah, it helps.

Then, can I ask some questions now?”

“Yes, of course.”

Chapter 56: Questions for the Goddess Part 1

(General)

Now then, I have a ton of questions prepared.

Knowledge is power; that's common sense for the modern person, after all.

This time, I plan to ask all I can without prudence.

First, I'll start with what I'm most curious about.

"Hey, can I really be called Julia-kaasan and Alfred-tousan's child?"

"I thought I already answered yes, but I do understand your worries.

Due to the issue of racial affinity, those two originally had trouble conceiving.

They can form an embryo at least, but the embryo is fastidious and ends up being particular about the soul that should reside inside it.

Among all of the souls that circulate in Marquekt, only one in a million would be compatible with their embryo.

You were the owner of the one compatible soul in that million.

The difference between you and normal children is that the memories of your previous life crossed over with you, but the basis of your dead soul joining the cycle of samsara did not change.

Although normal people would reincarnate without their memories, you reincarnated while retaining your memories—that is all.

Since the genetic characteristics of your body and mind were completely inherited from those two, and there is only the fact that the memories of your

previous life were not removed from the soul, there's no doubt that you are their child."

"...I feel like I kind of understand and kind of don't, but it must be so if you're saying it.

By the way, is there a difference between the mind and soul?"

"Ah, that.

There is a difference.

Let's see, to explain in an easy to understand manner, with the body as the hardware and the mind as the software, then the soul would be the user that is operating them both.

The soul can't be created by any physical methods; even the gods aren't able to, they can only recycle them.

By the way, in your world, there's controversy about whether or not machines have an ego, but the answer is No.

Machines do not have souls dwelling inside them, so even if machines develop to the point where they can be said to have a mind, it's impossible for them to possess an ego.

If I use my power as a god to lodge a soul in the machine though, then that's a different story.

Humans possessing the power to reincarnate isn't impossible either, but in science, souls theoretically cannot be perceived, so based on modern science, it's unnatural."

...Let's organise that a little.

Dad and Mum were a couple that had trouble conceiving, so I was born because my otherworlder soul was compatible with their embryo.

Thus, it wasn't that the soul of the child who was supposed to be born was

overwritten, nor was it switched.

And every human reused the souls of former living humans, so it's not like only my reincarnation was special... I suppose.

Of course, that's excluding the fact that the memories of my previous life remained.

"Huh? But while Dad was with his previous wife, didn't he have three children with her?"

I thought his former wife was also a human but..."

"I don't know anything about the things before your reincarnation, but it might be that they had some elf blood in their ancient ancestry."

The elven bloodline is special, because there's quite a strict distinction between elves and non-elves."

"So there's not much hope of gaining a younger brother or sister in the future?"

"Not necessarily.

Alfred-san has acquired the 《Attention of the War God》, has he not?

In one of Marquekt's widespread myths, the God of War, Marslat, was also depicted in an anecdote as a lustful god who inseminated over a thousand women, forming an army composed of just his children.

Since he acquired the attention of that Marslat, he should have an easier time conceiving as a secondary effect."

"That's incredible."

When I return, I'll tell Alfred-tousan.

"In that case, would it make conceiving a boy easier?

I heard Julia-kaasan wants a girl though."

"I wonder about that...?

I wouldn't know the details unless I asked Marslat himself.

There aren't any myths stating that he only has sons, so I think it should be fine.

Naturally, they are simply myths, but myths like those give gods their power."

"Hm? Isn't it because gods have the power that it turns into a myth?"

"Myths are not truths; in the end, they are tales created by mankind.

If that were not so, the divine beings descended from Marslat would end up flooding the land."

That's true.

It seems that there isn't a great difference between the fictional tales in this world and the myths in my previous world.

"But that wasn't written in [Appraisal]'s explanation though?"

"The gods' blessings that appear in [Appraisal]'s information are merely one part... Well, I can't really say that, but they are about half.

At any rate, [Appraisal] cannot completely analyse the portion that has no relation to conflict.

Unlike skills, blessing contents are somewhat fluid after all..."

"Speaking of which, I feel like the people of Marquekt don't really understand when I talk about the matters of reincarnation, why is that?

Even though this world has you, a goddess governing over the cycle of death and rebirth."

"The cycle of samsara in this world refers to the system of purifying souls and recycling them.

It's an issue of having a more pragmatic system that's different from the beliefs of rebirth in your former world.

Deceased creatures have their bodies decomposed by microbes which later becomes nourishment for plants, and those plants become nourishment for animals... It's similar to that.

In other words, it's not that the people in this world believe that their souls transition through the cycle of death and rebirth, they know it.

They think that being reborn with their memories is impossible.

This is to say nothing of the existence of a world other than Marquekt, with an otherworlder who lived in there reincarnating into this world; this is a situation that far surpasses the imagination of the people in this world."

"So you're saying that the cycle of samsara is common sense, but reincarnation is something of the occult."

"That's right.

I just have one more thing to add.

Gods exist in this world, so the span of religions have naturally converged to a more narrow range.

I believe that's why the concept of reincarnation is only known by experts of the very limited number of unique religions, even though the concept of heaven and hell may exist depending on the location."

"I see... So it's precisely because there is a god that the manner of believing in god is set."

"Because there weren't any gods in your former world, any religion could be established as long as there were believers.

It's very paradoxical, but there is more liberty in the imaginative power of religion of your previous world where gods didn't exist, rather than Marquekt where gods do exist.

That the religious ideology produced by that liberal power of imagination became a salvation for the emissaries of <Yatagarasu> who had lost their faith may be very ironic.

...This matter also made me feel very powerless."

The goddess made a slightly gloomy face.

She might look at it that way, but the gods of this world that could properly observe happiness through Buddhism seem more incredible to me.

Next.

"Everyone in <Yatagarasu> raised their levels by hunting monsters, but isn't that just an internecine struggle?"

"Ahh, because both monsters and villains enhance their statuses through Curses, right.

You can certainly see it that way as well, but concentrating the Curses on the stronger specimen is a standardised rationale.

By doing that, they're able to prevent the Curses from being snatched away by those on the side of the benevolent gods.

Something similar would occur even in your former world, right?

Our company is utilising the management resources possessed by your company more efficiently to bring forth greater benefits, which is why our company should proceed with an acquisition of your company... something like that.

Of course, that doesn't mean that the emissaries of *<Yatagarasu>* understand the significance of their own deeds."

Survival of the fittest, huh.

"I've thought about this for a while now but why does the system of this world resemble that of the games in my previous life so much?"

"We're not really imitating those games though?

Marquekt has had this system since long before electronic games were created in your former world.

I presume that someone felt that it was worth doing and probed along the lines of doing one's best, and contrived a 'game-like' system as a result."

"And the readings of the HP and MP systems?"

"If someone wanted to grasp their life force and mana as a numerical value, wouldn't that naturally be one of the optimum solutions they would end up with?"

If someone wanted to accurately know just how many more attacks someone could take and remain alright, and how much more magic they could use, they would try to grasp their life force and mana as a numerical value.”

Chapter 57: Questions for the Goddess Part 2 (Skills)

From here on are the skill-related questions.

“Aren’t there any resistance skills to counter abnormal conditions?”

“Demons, dragons and some of the monsters possess them as Abilities.

As for skills, they do exist but there are almost no humans who are able to acquire them.

Ingesting poison and overcoming it without an antidote is normally impossible, right?

For you, the skill acquisition restrictions have been released thanks to my divine blessing, so there’s the possibility of you learning the skill as long as you have a chance, but it is difficult.

In your case, evading the danger in advance will be easier thanks to the [Sense Danger] skill you earned this time.

You could also use the counteragents that you have obtained, or wear accessories made from monsters that possesses those monster’s Abilities.

Though if you defeat one of the Evil God’s apostles who have added resistance skills, I can purify and grant them to you preferentially.”

“I obtained a [Cooking] skill, does that mean that there are skills unrelated to combat?”

“No, skills are fundamentally limited to techniques from combat-related domains.

Production-class skills are also things that will eventually lead to having an advantage in combat.

The [Cooking] skill is an exception. In the past, one of the members of a party of heroes with meritorious deeds requested that I create a [Cooking] skill, so it was produced through granting that wish.

That's why there is the possibility of gaining a temporary status boost depending on the ingredients.

Based on the particulars, it should be categorised as Legendary Class, but the person in question hoped for it to be a General Skill so as to open up a path for many people to acquire it.

That said, because a status boost effect was instilled afterwards, there aren't many with the aptitude, so it wasn't able to propagate as much as that person had hoped..."

It was unexpectedly a rare skill.

The principle of being able to boost one's status through cooking was mysterious, but it might be convenient if I have Steph, who seems to have the aptitude, learn it.

"What were the circumstances behind the creation of [Flying Sword Techniques]?

If someone has the huge MP needed to make several swords float, it seems better for them to just cast magic to be honest."

"In ancient times, there was such a sport.

One where people would cast magic to manipulate swords, deciding the victor that way.

The manoeuvrability was more effective than magic, so it was even used for monster hunting.

Flying swords can't carry one's body weight, so it looks like preparing specialised swords that are light and sharp were the best."

I see. I'll write that down in my mental notepad.

"Is skill integration not possible?

Honestly, I possess too many skills, and I don't feel like I can use them properly on the spur of the moment."

"In regards to that, if you listen to my request, I'll give you something good."

"Request? How rare."

"Yes. For my request, I'd like to recycle the skills you won't use."

"R-recycle?"

"I already explained that half of the skills are configured from Gifts, right?

In short, even if they hadn't been used, just by possessing the skill, you are hoarding away Gifts.

That's why it's alright for you to learn them, but I'd like to 'Seal' the other skills that you don't use, along with the ones don't really match your tastes and those that are only there for backward compatibility."

"Seal?"

"Yes.

The information on your skill levels and the physical skill-related experience will remain, but I'd like you to send back the Gift part itself.

That is what I mean by sealing."

"So the sealed skills will become unusable?"

"When it becomes necessary, you can once again acquire it after a short period of rehabilitation.

If you let me seal the skills, I'll grant you the magic skill that allows for skill organisation and integration, [Skill Magic].

When you use [Skill Magic], you can horizontally integrate similar skills of the same rank and vertically integrate skills of the same system with those skills of a higher rank, so it should help to organise your skills column."

"The magic skill that allows for skill organisation and integration, [Skill Magic]" sounds complex, but to put it simply, she's giving me something like a skill editor, huh.

Horizontal integration would probably be, in other words, being able to combine [Fire Magic], [Water Magic], [Wind Magic], and [Earth Magic] to form a single skill called, say, [General Magic].

And vertical integration would be something like being able to combine [Fire Magic] with [Fire Spirit Magic].

There are indeed several skills that I do not use most of the time.

For example, the [Throwing Axe Techniques] I learned during the verification of throwing spears.

Even if I get the chance to throw axes in the future, it would be better to substitute it with [Throwing Techniques] rather than trying to raise the level of

[Throwing Axe Techniques].

I have shurikens, knives, and spears for specialised throwing skills, as well as [Steel Thread Skills].

Furthermore, the separation barrier fragments are extremely handy as a throwing object, so I have no incentive to purposely chose throwing axes.

“There’s one more thing I have to warn you about.

There’s a limit to the amount of skills that a soul can retain, and as you approach the limit, acquiring skills will become more difficult.

To be specific, once the number of skills exceeds one hundred, the degree of difficulty of new acquisitions will double compared to when you had zero.”

“Oi oi, isn’t this extremely important information!”

I used [Appraisal] to open the database and try to count the number of acquired skills.

Let’s see... I have 64.

There is still some room before it reaches 100, but if new acquisitions become more difficult as it increases, I’d like to condense the number henceforth.

Since it seems like I can seal and archive the skills that I have acquired, I won’t need to feel conflicted about it being a waste to lose the skills I went through the trouble to learn.

“I get it.

It doesn’t seem to be a demerit to me either.”

Instead, I should say that it’s nothing but a merit.

“Thank you.

However, [Skill Magic] can only be used at the altar of the Samsara Temples or places that conform to that, so be warned.”

“I understand.

...Huh?

But I wasn’t at the Samsara Temple when I received the oracle from Father Sollow.

Are the requirements for [Oracle] and [Skill Magic] different?”

“[Oracle] is something that allows the diviner to draw out the status information associated with the target and write it down, so it can be used even when not at a temple.

[Skill Magic] requires an interactive exchange of skill information, so it cannot be done just anywhere.

It is similar to how sending large amounts of data on a portable terminal is difficult.”

The goddess used a blunt metaphor to explain.

“As far as what the priests of the Samsara Temples can see, I didn’t have such a high aptitude, but isn’t the growth of my skills unexpectedly fast?

Even when I taught [Lightning Magic] to the children’s group and the other emissaries, it took longer than I expected.

Even while taking your divine blessing into account, it seems the difference is rather large...”

“That’s a result of [No Fatigue].

Think back to your previous life.

Don't people get irritated when there's only a little bit to go before they get the hang of something?

Since you kept up with those operations that require extreme powers of concentration without rest, compared to normal people who do so while resting at times, your unit time efficiency is better.

A normal person would have erratic levels of concentration over the timespan of an hour, whereas you would maintain your ability to concentrate for the entire hour."

It might be so if she says so.

Even in my previous life, I have had times when I was concentrating so much that I forgot myself, but I feel like that has increased especially after reincarnating.

"I felt like I acquired [Appraisal] rather easily for a Legendary Class skill, but is the reason the same for that?

I had a considerable amount of trouble with [Telepathic Communication] and [Spirit Magic] that are skills from the same Legendary Class though..."

"That's because something else played a big factor in that.

Right after you reincarnated, you were in a state of mind where you desired information, even if it was just a little.

On top of that, because it was dark and you couldn't see anything but the moon, your attention was focused solely on that.

Furthermore, you possess specific knowledge that most of the people of Marquekt are unaware of, like what kind of thing 'the thing called the moon' is, because of the knowledge from your previous life.

Of course, there is also the major premise of all the skill restrictions being

released due to my divine blessing.”

The goddess did not mention it but the number of acquired skills might also be related.

I possessed zero during the acquisition of [Appraisal], and yet I already possessed dozens of skills by the time I acquired [Telepathic Communication] and [Spirit Magic].

“Come to think of it, Father Solow also lamented about having stopped at gaining your attention.

He served under you for so many years already, won’t you grant him your divine blessing?”

“For divine blessings, those with a combat profession take precedence no matter what.

However, Solow-san has also worked really devotedly so I did think that I would have to grant him a divine blessing if I have a surplus of Gifts.

With the Curse you retrieved this time and the stock accumulated so far, I will be able to grant it in the near future.

His birthday is close, so perhaps I should make it a surprise present for then.”

Saying that, the goddess smiles mischievously.

She was quite an eccentric person but when she makes this kind of expression, my head feels like it’ll turn to mush.

“Speaking of which, in regards to the [Prayer] skill you told me about last time, I didn’t have a chance to visit the temple.

I tried praying now and then, even in the Crow’s Nest, but I couldn’t acquire

the skill.”

When I said that, the goddess looked a little astonished.

“Um... It’s not a skill or a spell, so there’s no effect if you simply pray, you know?

Wasn’t it the same in your former world?”

“W-well, that’s true but...”

I never thought that a god of a fantasy world would advocate common sense to me.

“There are hubs for distributing Gifts at the various Samsara Temples too, and linking one’s soul at the altar there is called [Prayer].

I think asking the priest is the quickest method, but you may be able to master it through trial and error.

The trick should be similar to that of [Skill Magic] so it may be better to test that first.”

I see, I’ll promptly test it when I return.

“What are Abilities?

How are they different from skills?”

“Abilities are innate powers that monsters and demons possess.

There are some that are similar to skills in effect, but since they are innate

properties, they cannot be acquired later.

Furthermore, another trait is that unlike skills, they are under the jurisdiction of the god who governs magic, Orja."

"Does that Orja fellow also aid monsters?

Aren't monsters under the influence of the Evil God?"

"Orja is a crazy god and doesn't distinguish between good and evil.

Demons can be said to have been on the benevolent gods' side originally, but since the guardian deity of demons, Orja, went mad, it became easier for the Evil God to influence demons more than humans.

Nevertheless, the demons that live an idyllic lifestyle and possess reason are still preferable.

As for monsters, there is no longer any hope for them to return to our side.

And Orja even grants the blessing of abilities to those monsters."

"Can't you suppress that Orja fellow?"

"Orja is connected to the collective unconscious and deep interdependence of the demons, so bringing Orja down would cause the annihilation of the demons."

So there's no choice but to leave them alone.

"Isn't it dangerous if someone falls into Growth Sleep within a dungeon?"

"Basically, I've made it so there won't be any drowsiness appearing in the

middle of an exploration.

To be more accurate, there will be a faint feeling of drowsiness, but the functioning of the brain won't drop.

With that, I get the person themselves search for a safe place to sleep.

Then, when they finally reach a safe zone inside the dungeon and relax their mind, the drowsiness will become stronger and Growth Sleep will begin.

For dungeon explorations in Marquekt, people generally anticipate Growth Sleep and employ extra personnel.

Though bringing extra personnel also has a secondary effect: raising the rate of returning alive from the dungeon exploration.

Even if there is no level-up, it's somewhat hard to be completely annihilated in an accident.

Furthermore, Growth Sleep also has a recovery effect on HP and MP in addition to becoming stronger through raising one's level, so it's not necessarily a bad thing."

"Then, if we employ members who are about to rise in level when going through the dungeon, recovery is possible en route?"

"It is in theory.

If the level up timing is perfectly matched, it happens."

"I'm not talking about the amount of experience... but can't the amount of Gifts needed to level up be grasped quantitatively?"

"The enhancement through the Gifts is organic, so it's difficult.

It changes depending on the enchantments up to that point, and it also depends on the condition of the person's soul.

The higher the level, the increase in the already enhanced parts, so in order to enhance the remaining parts that are difficult to enhance, raising one's level will become more difficult. All the more, since it's necessary to balance the already enhanced parts.

Moreover, since there is a limit to the total amount of Gifts a soul can retain, a state where a person's body won't raise in level any further also exists.

...Well, from what I've seen until now, there are only a few people like that."

"I think it would be convenient if I could tell when it seems like my level is close to rising, but is that possible somehow?"

"Hmm... Level-ups are a reallocation of Gifts, so it's not like there isn't anything like an omen but at present there aren't any skills to sense something like that."

Chapter 58: Questions for the Goddess Part 3 (Magic)

“I remember being concerned about my defence, aren’t there any spells for putting up a barrier?”

“If it’s used against magic, you should be able to devise a skill in the [Mana Manipulation] system.

It might be good to learn Melby-san’s [Dimension Magic] too.”

“Eh...? I can’t construct any magic barriers though?”

“If you wrack your brains, you should understand.

Regarding skills, in order to not obstruct one’s creativity, I can only give you a hint.

I’d like you, as someone who possesses knowledge from another world, to undergo trial and error as you please, without many preconceptions.

Thus, I’m looking forward to it.”

Hmm... so she’s not going to tell me anything more than this.

Let’s move on.

“Are there anything like magic gems in this world?

In short, I want something imbued with mana, that I can harness through external stimuli...”

“Ahh, you want to use that?

In that case, I believe there were some good examples of what you’re looking for in the items you got from the historic remains, right?”

“...? Was there really anything like that?”

“It might be confusing if you think of it in terms of mana.

You should think of it as something that stores energy that has been produced by magic.”

“Energy that has been produced by magic... I see! So I can use that!”

“That’s right.”

“What is that...”

It seems that only Melby doesn’t know. Unfortunately, I don’t have the time to explain to her right now.

“Speaking of mana... it might be a little late to say this, but what is magic in the first place?

Magic symbols too—sometimes they shine, sometimes they don’t shine. And they can also depict things that can’t be done through skills... I don’t really understand the principle.”

“Originally, human thought had the power to actualise desires.

That's what miracles are.

That power is the same for Marquekt, just as it was for your former world.

It's just that that power is very weak, practically incapable of accomplishing anything significant by itself.

The spells in Marquekt, by means of those thoughts, access and retrieve the standardised magic effects stored in the "Magic Registry", that's managed by the God of Magic, Attiera.

"Magic symbols are something akin to an access key for this purpose.

Since it's a sort of 'key', their 'shape' is also important.

However, their 'shape' is, in the end, an image that one's thoughts define, so for one to 'depict with magic symbols' is essentially no more than for one to use an auxiliary input device to mold that image.

The only thing visible at that point, is that auxiliary device, so when one observes magicians from the exterior, it looks as if the symbols themselves possess a special power.

"Furthermore, they shine when you're aware that you're 'drawing symbols', and don't when you're unaware.

Depending on the situation, if you don't want them to shine, then they won't shine—as long as you're not a complete amateur.

Despite whether or not it shines, there won't be a problem—so long as you have the proper image in your head.

When your mother used 《Fire Storm》, the symbols shone, correct?

Using that case as an example, because the chant for that was long, giving the image a visible form allowed for a more reliable invocation.

Conversely, when you first cast magic, back when you first gained awareness, Julia-san used Ǝ to negate it just by tracing it on her thigh, right?

In this case, there wasn't a problem because her desired effect was simple.

“Although, it might’ve also been that she didn’t want the symbols to shine, which would’ve caught your attention.”

I sort the information that I had just been told inside my head.

“Let’s see... By drawing magic symbols, I can access Attiera’s Magic Registry to call forth a magical effect.

Because imagery is important, the symbols are no more than an auxiliary tool, huh.”

“A computer can still function without a mouse, or a touch panel, but it’s inconvenient without them, right?”

The goddess, who was completely familiar with the IT of Earth, explained with such a metaphor.

It was certainly easy to understand, but I felt like she had spoiled things somehow.

“Then what role do magic skills have?”

“The magical effects that are extracted from the Magic Registry—they’re called magic models—possess a very generic nature, and can only describe things very roughly.

Magic skills fine-tune these roughly described magic models, and serve to better embody magic in a closer form to the practitioner’s desires.

Let’s see, as an example, think of it like purchasing wood roughly cut to size from the hardware store, then building a shelf by using a saw and hammer to cut and nail the wood together. The wood at the beginning is the magic model, the saw and the hammer are skills, and the shelf is the magical embodiment.”

Yup, it's easy enough to understand.

It's easy enough to understand, but... is this okay?

“What’s the difference between the ancient magic symbols and the modern magic symbols?”

“The ancient magic symbols access the old class of the Magic Registry.

The magic models present in the old class have a tendency to produce a higher output, and a more flexible form.

Originally, those magic models were intended for the Pioneer Elves, who excelled at controlling mana.

The magic models called forth by the ancient magic symbols are certainly more powerful, but the larger effects brought about by the undefined portion of the models have to be adjusted by the practitioners themselves.

Thus, for the ancient magic symbols, a few image-stimulation effects have been embedded in the symbols themselves, but there are people whose images become disturbed because of this, so there are both advantages and disadvantages because of it.

It should be hard to handle by all rights, unless the person using it is a possessor of a mental structure that specialises in magic, but... it looks like you can use them somehow.”

“I wasn’t very aware of that though.”

“It might be due to you having the [No Fatigue] skill, and the fact that you have an adult soul dwelling inside the mind of an infant.

I was the one who gave you [No Fatigue], but your flexible way of thinking always surprises me.”

“What’s MP?”

“It’s something that Attiera collects as the cost for the magical models.

Using the example I talked about before, I suppose that MP is the money that’s needed to purchase the materials used.

I’ve heard that the MP is processed to create the magic models, but I haven’t been told much about that part.”

“So... I guess it’s similar to the way you collect Curses, and in return grant Gifts.”

“In general, yes.

It’s a system where mana, Gifts, and souls can all be circulated.

Without it, mana, Gifts, and souls would’ve all been exhausted a long time ago, and Marquekt would’ve become a barren world where only gods and the Evil God exist.”

“So gods were that great....”

“Fufu... thank you for the complement.”

As I looked away from the laughing goddess, I remembered my next question.

“It seems like I’ve received a divine blessing from the god who governs religion... Kannumarne(?) without realising. What sort of god are they?”

“Kannumarne is the god who governs both religion and faith.

People believe in gods with tranquil hearts, and he carries the role of properly guiding these pious believers who live without fighting amongst themselves.

Just like I said earlier, religion in Marquekt does not exceed a fixed pattern and it is not something that people tend to obsess over. Kannumarne reflects this, calmly taking on the form of a compassionate young boy who loves peace.

Furthermore, he is the god who manages everyone’s titles.”

“Putting aside the fact that it’s easier to gain a title when one’s charisma rises, what’s up with it increasing one’s influence(?) for granting someone else a title?”

“Titles are acquired when the number of people that’re calling you by a certain name in awe exceeds a certain number. But if you were to be called something with stronger emotions, it could result in a title, even with a lower number of people.

All of this is the same as I explained earlier, except for the fact that titles have one more determining factor.

And that is the amount of influence those who designate titles have.

For example, isn’t the level of influence different between a king being the one to designate a title and an ordinary person designating a title?

This is also decided at the moment of a title’s assignment, as a title will stick much more easily, even if there’s only a small number of people, if the one designating the title is a person with a strong level of influence.

Similarly, if you, who has received Kannumarne’s divine blessing, calls someone else by a title, then the possibility of that title being assigned to them in the system becomes higher.”

I briefly wondered ‘what kind of merit does that have?’, but if someone has a

magic-related title, then the expansion of their mana pool via the exhaustion of their MP becomes possible.

It might come in handy if I'm able to affix a magic-related title to someone else.

Julia-kaasan possesses the 『Flame Prison Witch』 title, but I'd like it if I could confer some sort of magic-related title to Alfred-tousan.

If one's MP is high, that alone makes it easier to hunt monsters and raise one's level.

“As for the effect of titles, I suppose that the possessors of magic-related titles being able to extend their maximum MP, as I mentioned last time, would be the most direct correlation between titles and their effects.

In addition, there's also a small compensation for the acquisition of skills, depending on the contents of the title.

However, that's more of a bonus effect. The most important thing is that ‘it's easier to gain the attention of a god if you have a title’.

No matter which god it is, it's impossible for us to keep an eye on every single human.

That's why, using titles as a sign, we search for humans to grant both our attention and divine blessings to.

In other words, using an example from your former world—”

“It's something akin to the tags of video sites.”

“...That's right.”

The goddess was a little sulky at having her line stolen.

Chapter 59: Questions for the Goddess Part 4 (Myths)

A/N: This is the last FAQ Chapter.

What's left were the questions related to myths.

“Bad guys being unable to see fairies... what’s the reason for that?”

“That’s simple. If there are too many Curses comprising one’s status, they become unable to recognise fairies, beings that are created from pure Gifts.

This is directly correlated to Gifts and Curses slightly shifting the register of existence of their owners.”

“Regarding Gifts and Curses—ignoring the fact that I’m on the benevolent gods’ side, and that Goleth and Gazaine were on the Evil God’s side—how are Elemia, Miguel, and all the others in *<Yatagarasu>* who were brainwashed, treated?

And the villains who’ve repented, or the good people who’ve been involved in evil deeds... I’m also curious about what happens to them.”

“The samsara system extends throughout the world... let’s see, it’s fine to think of it as something akin to a plumbing system.

It’s fundamentally something that exists to distribute Gifts, but the Evil God’s side has abused it, using it to circulate Curses.

“However, it’s not as if it can differentiate between good and evil in regards to the recipients and distribution of Gifts.

The thing is, Gifts have an opposing nature towards Curses, so Gifts simply can’t reach those who’ve stockpiled too many Curses.

In other words, as long as the Evil God hasn’t conferred any Curses upon them, even bad people can receive the benefit of Gifts.

That said, Gifts also have the function of purifying the mind and body of the receiver, so if one takes in many Gifts, it’ll be hard to remain evil indefinitely.

That’s why the Evil God will certainly want to send Curses to those who he intends to use as chess pieces.

“Furthermore, if the reformed villains are from the Evil God’s side, then they’ll be absconding with their Curses, so there’s the possibility that they’ll be subjected to the ‘collection’ of a Curse.

If such a thing happens in the future, have them properly shelter themselves in a safe location.

Also, regarding good people who’ve gotten involved with evil deeds, since it’s possible that they will be lured away by the Evil God’s side and be conferred their first Curse, don’t forget that there are also people who haven’t yet fallen to the Evil God, even though they’ve carried out evil deeds.”

“What about in <Yatagarasu>’s case?”

“In <Yatagarasu>’s case, they were influenced by brainwashing, so they’re special.

As a method of making them conspire with evil while at the same time being recipients of Gifts, I can only say it was very well done.

It’s a method of converting good people into villains while still remaining good people, so to speak.”

“Hm? Then this situation of good people being brainwashed in <Yatagarasu> and defeating monsters, wouldn’t that result in collecting the monsters’ Curses and being given Gifts through you?”

Isn’t this unfavourable to the Evil God?”

“Well... I’m not the Evil God, so it’s not like I understand everyone of the other’s thoughts.

Firstly, the executives of <Yatagarasu> probably didn’t think that far.

I would think they only thought to strengthen the combat power in hand by hunting monsters.

For the Evil God, it’s true that his Curses get collected and become Gifts, but the ones who acquire those Gifts are those who have been brainwashed to become his own followers, so perhaps it doesn’t change substantially.

Rather, he might even think that he’s profiting because he can strengthen his pawns without granting the Curses he has in store.

Because there is a need to once again corrupt with the recovered Curses even with the ‘internecine struggle’ you spoke about.

But then, Monguenues’ thinking is extremely heterogeneous, so there are parts that only the person himself understands.”

“About Curses, can’t they be detected by magic or something?

It seems like it would be considerably easier if they could.”

“I believe Melby-san will intuitively notice apostles of the Evil God like Goleth and Gazaine.

You’ve found a good partner.”

“P-partner, you say...”

Melby writhed around with her hands on her cheeks.

“However, if the other party becomes so inclined to attempt to hide, it’s possible that even Melby-san won’t notice.

That’s right, since it’s a rare chance, let me give Melby-san an Addition.

Come here, Melby-san.”

“Y-y-y-yes!”

“Fufu. Calm Down.”

The goddess smiled as she said that, but there was a vague fragrance of the forbidden.

The goddess gently brought her lips closer to Melby as though loving a flower—

Snap

She was flicked by something invisible.

“Ah, ow ow...”

“A-are you alright?”

The moment the goddess was to kiss her, something like a wall of light suddenly appeared, obstructing in between the goddess and Melby.

The goddess said in indignation,

“Good grief! That child doesn’t change!”

“That child?”

“Attiera, the god of magic, views me as a rival.

Certainly, because I handle all of the skills as a whole, magic skills are also under my jurisdiction.

Attiera doesn’t like that and told me to ‘hand them over’, but it’s difficult to separate the magic skills alone.

Melby-san is a being created by Pioneer Elves who are apostles of Attiera, so to that child, she is like a grandchild.

Hmm... I wonder what I should do.

—That’s it.”

The goddess raises her head and looks at Melby.

“Melby-san, will you let me see your potted Rainbow Cactus plant?”

“O-okay.”

Melby retrieved the aforementioned mysterious organism from her dimensional storage.

It's the cactus with flower blossoms.

I feel like it has grown a little bigger compared to how it was before.

In the short time I haven't seen it, the colour of the flowers has changed to silver.

“Melby-san, have you tried using [Appraisal] on this?”

“Yes, the first time I used [Appraisal], it appeared to be fine to give it mana, so I gave it some of my mana every day.”

“Can you try using [Appraisal] one more time right now?”

“Yes... E, eehhhh!?”

Ah, so she really hadn't noticed.

Since I have a chance, I also use [Appraisal] once again.

《Tushaaravati

3 years old

Rainbow Cactus? (tree form) / Magic Organism

Level 1

HP 3/3

MP 291/291 (29↑)

Abilities

Anti-substance spray ★★☆☆☆ (sprays sap that can be used to decompose harmful microscopic substances and microorganisms)

Skills

- Legendary

[Growth Control] —

([Dimension Magic] 1)

([Aurora Magic] 1)»

Yup, still just like a mysterious organism.

On top of its maximum MP steadily increasing, it even acquired an ability without us knowing.

Abilities should be an “innate ability” but was it something that could increase?

“Rainbow Cacti have the peculiar trait of absorbing mana to produce flowers and bear fruit.

Nevertheless, they usually wouldn’t turn out like this.

At any rate, I’ll give this Tusha-chan the ability to detect Curses.”

The goddess tried to kiss the rainbow cactus, but a thorn pricked her lip.

“Ow.”

The goddess grumbled cutely, then she blew a kiss to Tushaaravati.

...If she could do that, then she should have done that from the start.

Melby's mysterious pet absorbed that kiss, and let out 2, 3 pulses of rainbow-coloured light.

I immediately use [Appraisal].

《Tushaaravati (《Mysterious Organism》)

3 years old

Rainbow Cactus? (tree form) / Magic Organism

Level 1

HP 3/3

MP 291/291

Abilities

Anti-substance spray ★☆☆☆☆

Skills

- Mythological

+ [Detect Waves] 9 (MAX) (A Gift from a benevolent goddess, detects the unearthly wave motions emitted by the Evil God's Curses. Effective range has a radius of 500 metres.)

- Legendary

[Growth Control] —

([Dimension Magic] 1)

([Aurora Magic] 1)»

Ooh, it looks like quite a useful skill.

I mean, even the titles have increased.

I guess the goddess also thought of it as a mysterious organism.

The requirements for a title were “many people calling someone by a certain name in awe”, and “if the one designating the name has great influence on their surroundings, the influence on bestowing a title also increases”, right.

As I expected, it looks like the goddess’s one vote was heavy.

As for me, my influence in regards to bestowing titles upon others apparently became greater because of the effect of the 《God of Virtue’s Blessing (Kannumarne)》, so it might also be due to that.

“Can’t I possess it?”

“Humans are beings that fluctuate at the threshold between good and evil, so the observation results won’t be stable.

Even in your previous world, when you place an astronomical telescope on the surface, light from the surface is reflected by the atmosphere and the precision of observation worsens, right?

On that note, Melby-san is a being made with a Gift as a base, and Tusha-chan is—Well... An existence that is hard to put into words, yet has no components that would interfere with [Detect Waves].

....For now.”

The goddess said as she stared at the rainbow cactus.

“What? Why?”

“To begin with, Melby-san is peculiar among fairies.”

“Eh? Are you talking about... Me?”

“For fairies that have lived for a long time, their mentality changes and they become easily distracted, so as to decrease their mental burden.

They’re mischievous and capricious.

That’s why, normal fairies are unable to temper their skills, or spend tens of years on developing needed tools like Melby-san.

If someone with a long lifespan were to continue concentrating on something, they would fall mentally ill.”

“Eh... But I don’t really...”

“That is Melby-san’s peculiar trait.

When Melby-san was newly created and had yet to amass an ego, she encountered the shocking incident of her master, Alfecia-san, being sealed, correct?

This is just my guess, but I wonder if that had a significant effect on Melby-san’s mental formation.”

“Do you know anything about Melby’s master—Alfecia-san?”

“She was one of the seven central figures among the Pioneer Elves.

Back then, the gods teamed up to give those seven elves divine blessings.

There were plenty of resources because there was only a small number of

people, and the apostles on the Evil God's side were also powerful, so it could be said that that had been inevitable."

"What about your apostles?"

"...They fought with the Evil God's apostles and died.

For Alfecia-san to be the only one remaining alive would be, if I had to say, largely due to her role as the logistical support.

The one in charge of Alfecia-san was Attiera, so I don't really know the details though."

It's something we'll find out once the seal is released, so this much is enough.

...Melby seems like she really wants to ask more though.

"Gazaine said that the Evil God was originally a comrade of the gods, but is that true?"

"Hmm. Yes, and no.

About the origin of this world, and the relationship between the benevolent gods and the Evil God—do you want to know?"

"Yes please!"

A chance to hear about the creation myth of this world from a god directly doesn't come too often, okay.

"Let's see, firstly, us benevolent gods weren't originally gods of Marquekt."

“Eh...? Is that so?”

“That’s right.

You have also read history books so you may already know, but what do you know about Marquekt’s calandar?”

“The thing called Absolute History?

There was only the ‘absolute’ history, and nothing about events prior to that era was recorded no matter where I searched.”

That was what was written in the history books in the study at the Viscount Chrebl residence in Corbette Village.

Incidentally, the current year is AH 1294... No, the new year started while I was in the Nest, so it’s 1295.

“It’s not that they weren’t recorded, they just didn’t exist in the first place.

In the first year of Absolute History, us benevolent gods came to this world, and while confronting the Evil God, we started liberating the people who were the Evil God’s slaves little by little; that was precisely what happened that year.”

“So you’re saying that the Evil God was originally the god of this world?”

“The answer to that is, as I said earlier, both yes and no.

It depends on your definition of a god.

If someone who enslaves everybody and enjoys the discord of those souls can be called a ‘god’, then the answer is yes. If not, then no.”

“What happened to your former world?”

“Our former world was facing a crisis of destruction due to a stellar abnormality.

That’s why we decided to bring the survivors along and migrate to this world.”

“Stellar...”

I was surprised at the term that suddenly popped out, but when I think about it, it might not be a particularly strange thing.

Rather, another world without stars would be harder to imagine.

“If it’s a stellar crisis, then wouldn’t it be fine if you moved to another star system?”

“How could we do so?”

“How, you say... By using a spaceship or something?”

“Even in your former world, a spaceship that was possible of performing interstellar travel hasn’t been developed yet, right?

Rather than migrating to a star many light years away, it’s easier to migrate to another world.”

What the hell.

Mankind’s dream of advancing into space was shot down with this one line

just now.

“By any chance, could the fact that no aliens have appeared on Earth also be...?”

“I don’t know whether or not there are aliens in that world, but I suppose that’s one of the most significant reasons.

To intelligent lifeforms that have mastered science and delved into the domain of magic and souls, what they should touch upon is not the intelligent lifeforms of a faraway star, but rather the intelligent lifeforms of another world whom they can have direct contact with.”

“No intelligent lifeforms from another world came to Earth either though... Ah, no, that’s incorrect.”

The goddess right in front of me was a being of such an ‘other world’.

“Although I called it migrating, it was just the people throughout the world reincarnating simultaneously.

What we brought to the other world were their souls alone, so the sophisticated civilisation achieved by mankind in their previous world ended up lost in one generation without a chance to be accessioned.”

Even in my previous life, there were webnovels where a reincarnated person makes use of the knowledge from their previous life in another world to become a peerless character, but there’s a limit to the amount of information that a human brain can hold.

Even if I was told to make a computer or automobile in this world from scratch, it would be impossible.

“But isn’t that the same for each world?

If fellow reincarnators were to exchange information together, then to a certain extent...”

“To the extent where it becomes a sophisticated civilisation, specialisation becomes extreme, and they would have to try to make existing technology a self-explanatory premise.

For example... That’s right, even an extraordinarily outstanding programmer won’t really know of things at a level where they can reproduce the manufacturing methods of hardware by themselves, right?

For argument’s sake, even if they did know, they wouldn’t have any of the equipment to make it, so it would be hard to reproduce it.

It might be possible to somehow make vacuum tubes and electrical transistors, but just how much time and effort do you think would be needed to reach the point of being able to make highly integrated electronic circuits?

Perhaps it is somehow possible to be able to reproduce up to a computer, but even so, what about after that?

If civilisation advances further, the likelihood of a reincarnator being able to reproduce the cutting-edge technology of their previous world before they exhaust their lifespan is exponentially minute.

Even simply inheriting knowledge is difficult.”

The goddess continued.

“The Marquekt that we arrived in had a much crueler environment than it is now.

Red-hot deserts and frozen tundra.

Infertile soil and polluted rivers.

An overflow of radioactive material that acted as an energy source for unique demonic beasts.

The atmosphere was thin, so strong cosmic rays would even rain down on the earth intermittently.

I wonder how people managed to survive.

In order to improve this environment, we split our power as gods on a grand scale and flooded the world with various spirits.

At the same time, we gave birth to the half-man, half-god Pioneer Elves and had them do a major cleaning of Marquekt.

In other words, the extermination of powerful demonic beasts, and expanding the range of humanoid existences.

Naturally, our plan infuriated Evil God Monguenues, and the Pioneer Elves and settlers lost their lives in successive conflicts.

However, we also succeeded in greatly shaving down the might of the Evil God's side at the same time, and were able to release the original inhabitants of Marquekt from the collar of slavery.”

It's a very, well, majestic tale.

“...Melby, did you know about this?”

“Uh uh... Because I was only with Master when I was small.”

I decided to swallow down the retort of “you're still small though”.

To put it simply, the gods came from a different world and settled on this planet.

During that time, they used spirits to perform terraforming.

They released the humans who were slaves of the Evil God, but were unable to completely bring down the Evil God. Even after a thousand years has passed after their settlement, the contest of influence between them and the Evil God continues to this very day.

...In that case, just what kind of existence was considered a “god”?

I considered asking about that, but the nearby Melby’s body was appearing transparent.

No, my body was as well.

“—It looks like it’s almost time.”

The goddess says.

“About the matter with <Yatagarasu>, you were really a great help.

Your accomplishments always go beyond my expectations.

However, your body is still small so try not to overexert yourself.”

Me and Melby’s bodies were sucked up by the planet below.

I watched Melby panic and cry out “Wah, wah” as my consciousness receded—.

Chapter 60: Liberation

As I woke up from Growth Sleep, my eyes were met with Elemia's sleeping face.

Elemia shouldn't have leveled up, so it was probably just a normal sleep.

Elemia always seemed somewhat tensed, but her sleeping face contained the innocence that befitted her age.

She's still seven years old, huh?

In five to ten years, she would probably become a peerless beauty.

Because Elemia possessed the skill [Fatigue Transfer], there were many occasions where she would work alone.

With her well-featured looks, she gave off the image of aloofness, but when I actually talked to her, she told me that she was actually rather lonely and had always wanted friends.

I thought that the adventure inside the firedrake's nest had been a critical experience and it would be fine even if it ended up as a trauma, but it seems like it became a happy memory for Elemia instead.

Because I have [No Fatigue], Elemia's [Fatigue Transfer] doesn't have any effect on me.

I am thinking of talking to Alfred-tousan and adopting Elemia into the Chrebl family if she wishes, just like I had promised that evening.

And then, Elemia would become a new member of my family.

I covered Elemia with a blanket and quietly slipped out of my bed in the children's room that I had become completely familiar with over these past

three months.

Moving so as to avoid making any noises, I checked my body.

“...Did I grow a little?”

I think my line of vision has risen by a few centimetres, and the length of my limbs has also grown by a few centimetres.

Thanks to the training in *<Yatagarasu>*, my body senses have become sharper and there were no feelings of discomfort from that degree of change.

The kids who noticed me getting out of bed came and gathered around me.

Their faces still contained some anxiousness.

I asked Melby to get Cecil and Cecila to come and calm the children down with their [Fairy’s Song], but it would’ve probably ended badly if I didn’t do that.

The young children who had temporarily been in the custody of the Fairy Hamlet also returned to the Nest.

The mental conditions of these children were better than the ones here, and they seemed to be engrossed with the new games that they had learned from the fairies (the games I taught to the fairies, such as Fruits Basket and Cops and Robbers).

I, along with the anxious-looking children, headed outside the Nest.

We couldn’t help but want to see the sunlight.

The wasteland at the end of winter was chilly, but the fierce wind that had been blowing during the winter has subsided.

As the sunlight gradually became stronger, it felt quite warm after putting on the *<Yatagarasu>* cloak.

“The sun after such a long time!”

I had left only once, at the time of the firedrake incident, but it was a bit cloudy back then.

And above all, because we had been bound by the invisible chains of being emissaries of *<Yatagarasu>*, we didn’t feel a sense of spaciousness from this wasteland that spanned as far as the eye could see.

When I look up at the sky, I was overcome with astonishment for a bit.

The children who had come with me also looked up at the sky with faces that could not be explained by words, and stared at the sun as if dazzled.

Now then, after I defeated Gazaine, the survivors also lost their fighting spirits, but a large question still remains.

In other words—Where the heck was this place!?

The interrogation of the leaders of the religious organisation was well under way so I think we would find out sooner or later; however, I want to quickly meet up with Alfred tou-san’s group and leave the rest to them.

There are emergency provisions inside the Nest, so I wasn’t worried about starving, but that being said, leaving the mentally unstable ex-emissaries who

had just been freed from the organisation in their current state might be dangerous.

“Rather, should we go to Riverette Village? If we go to the Fairy Hamlet through the gate and leave through the village exit...”

‘I don’t really want the location of the Fairy Hamlet to be known’.....said Melby.

While I was struggling to decide what to do,

“—Heey!”

I heard a voice calling to us from far away.

Using [Farsight] to confirm, it seems it was a group of adventurers.

As for the number of people, I think there were eight of them.

At the forefront were nostalgic faces of people who I had met in Fauno City.

It was the skilled female adventurer with the nickname ‘Scarlet’, Moria-san, and the almost two-meter-tall giant Hoffman-san, an adventurer who loved children despite his scary face.

“Over here!”

I also shouted to signal the adventurers over.

At first, the adventurers approached a little vigilantly, but once Moria-san and

Hoffman-san recognised my face, they broke into a run towards us without dropping their guard while we stood in front of the crevice that led to the Nest.

Aside from Moria-san and Hoffman-san, the party consisted of a young elf boy with a bow, a voluptuous woman in her late 20s who looked like a magician, and a bunch of male adventurers who were surrounding that woman.

“——Edgar! Have you been safe?”

Saying that, Moria-san hugged me tightly.

...It mustn't be forgotten.

This woman was wearing a deep red bikini-armor with a design featuring flames.

Despite the fact that I had a child's body, I still ended up shivering from the sensation of her slightly sweaty skin.

While not being able to move, I felt something large touch my head.

Looking up, I discovered that it was Hoffman-san patting my head.

“...Where's Mum?”

As I muttered that,

“——Julia-kaasan is right in the middle of something else.”

The elf boy said.

.....Hm? Julia “kaasan”?

Come to think of it, the face of this person looks somewhat similar to Alfred-tousan...

[Appraisal].

《Chester Chrebl (Second son of the Viscount Chrebl household | Santamana Kingdom Noble | Adventurer (B Rank) | 《No Second Shot》 | 《Harpy Killer》)

17 years old

Elf

Level 34

HP 72/72

MP 169/169

Skills

- Legendary class

[Visual Enhancement] 3

- Master Class

[Archery] 5

[Sense Presence] 2

- General

[Bow Techniques] 7

[Farsight] 7

[Wind Magic] 5

[Water Magic] 4

[Stealth Steps] 4

[Tool Creation] 4

[Crossbow Techniques] 3

[Earth Magic] 3

[Dagger Techniques] 3

[Mana Perception] 3

[Spear Techniques] 2

[Fire Magic] 2

[Light Magic] 2

[Night Vision] 2

[Mana Manipulation] 1 »

“Chester-niisan!?”

“You noticed. It’s a bit late but....should I say it’s nice to meet you? You probably don’t remember me. I’m your big brother Chester.”

Saying that, Chester-niisan came and patted me on the head.

Although Chester-niisan looked like Alfred-tousan, his appearance resembled an elf even more than Dad did.

.....That reminds me, Dad and the others did say that elf blood tends to be

more prominent.

I'm also supposed to be a quarter-elf, but unlike Nii-san, I don't have elf-like features, and even when I use [Appraisal] on myself, the only race that shows up is 'human'.

It's a mysterious heredity that was likely to drive Dr. Mendel crazy, but elf blood seems to be that kind of thing.

This is my first time meeting with Chester-niisan, but he seems to already know about me.

My awareness was aroused when I was six months old, so it's likely that we had met before then.

"Based on the information provided by you, Edgar, we thought that the surroundings of the bone eagle nest that's a bit north of here looked suspicious, so Mum went over there to have a look. We went to search inside the nest of harpies that was the second candidate on the list, but it looks like this was the correct place.

It seems like the Crow's Nest was situated in a place full of monster nests.

I had reported to Dad about the monsters I saw around the Nest in my letters.

I heard that there had been first-hand sightings of the wyverns I sighted at the time of that firedrake uproar as well, so the search party seems to have gradually narrowed down their search range.

Nii-san and the others apparently caught some collapsed emissary en-route and come after obtaining information about the Nest's location from him.

Because the emissary had collapsed as though he had been overwhelmed by something, even when they tried to extract information from him, all that came

out was just the mutterings of “we’re already doomed...” which hadn’t been much help.

After barely managing to obtain information about the Nest’s location, they seemed to have restrained the emissary and appointed a few adventurers to take him to Fauno City.

That collapsed emissary was probably one of the people who had leapt out of the Nest after the showdown with Gazaine.

Then, Chester-niisan saw me come out of the Nest with his good eyesight and called out to confirm the situation.

It seems a little careless, but getting closer without alerting the assassins who specialised in covert activities was hard, and Moria-san and the others wouldn’t be at a disadvantage even if they attacked from the front.

So because of that, they decided to just quickly call out to us and await a response.

“So, what happened to the <Yatagarasu> members?”

Chester-niisan asked while staying vigilant to the surroundings.

“They have been dealt with.”

“Eh.....?”

“I finished them off. Gazaine, the head of the organisation, had half of his body eaten by the Evil God for violating a contract, and I finished him off at that time. Organisation founder Glutometsa was just an illusion created by Gazaine, so in the end, it was Gazaine who was the real founder as well. And as for the organisation’s other executives, they have been confined by my comrades back

inside the Nest. Pastor-sama is the only one we failed to capture, so I have no choice but to ask Dad to perform a search for her.”

“...Unbelievable.”

That’s very true.

“There is a lot of explaining to do if I want to start from the beginning. I’ll explain in detail after we meet up with Mum.”

“Looks like it. Edgar, aren’t you tired?”

Nii-san, that’s a foolish question.

“I’m not tired at all.”

“Is that so...I heard from Dad, but it really is an unbelievable skill, huh?”

Nii-san said while lowering his voice.

“Anyway, let’s return home. Both Mum and Dad are worried.”

—Return home.

The moment Nii-san said those words, tears overflowed from my eyes.

Even I was surprised myself—yet I also understood at the same time.

In these past four months or so, I've been constantly straining my mind.

Thanks to [No Fatigue], I didn't feel tired, but the damage on the emotional side seemed unexpectedly severe.

Chester-niisan simply embraced me as I continued to sob and weep.



Once I regained my composure, I returned to the Nest for the time being and called out to a certain person to have them come out. After that, I returned to where Moria-san was.

There was something that I couldn't forget.

“Moria-san.”

“Oh, is everything fine now?”

“Yes. But that aside, there is a person you need to meet at all costs.”

“A person I must meet? I don't really have any acquaintances in <Yatagarasu>.”

“You'll understand when you see them. ——Miguel!”

“Wh—”

Miguel showed up before the speechless Moria-san.

“What’s wrong Orochi....I mean, Edgar?”

“You’re still asking what’s wrong? Don’t tell me you forgot someone with characteristics like this.”

Saying so, I pointed towards the stiffened Moria-san with my chin.

“Wha——M-Mum!”

It seems like Miguel has finally realised it as well.

“A-Are you... Miguel?”

“Mum!”

Miguel clung to Moria-san.

Miguel was quite tall among the boys group, but since Moria-san was also tall, his head only reached the height of her shoulders.

Moria-san tightly hugged his head.

“I’m sorry, Miguel...! Because I gave in to despair, you had to go through such harsh times...”

“I-It’s fine! It wasn’t that bad in *<Yatagarasu>*.... as long as you worked hard as an emissary.”

I talked to Moria-san about the events that had happened so far.

“I see, so it was also the *<Yatagarasu>* bunch who kidnapped Miguel... Shit, if only I had known that, I would’ve rushed in even if I had to do so alone!”

It seemed as if dark flames had lit up in Moria-san’s eyes.

They were the eyes of the feared A-rank adventurer referred to as Scarlet.

Judging from Moria-san’s status that I had seen before, she would probably kill a considerable amount of emissaries even if she rushed inside the Nest alone.

Although, it is unknown whether she could win in a fight against the organisation’s leaders, including Gazaine...

It seems it was for this reason that Julia-kaasan didn’t tell Moria-san about Miguel.

It goes without saying that if Miguel was truly in danger, on top of notifying Moria-san, she would’ve probably decided to go with her to help search for the Nest’s location.

“Moria-san, please calm down. The matter has been resolved already. Besides, a majority of the members of the religious organisation were also victims who had been brainwashed by the organisation’s leaders.”

“Even if you say that... If the culprits who kidnapped Miguel are inside that

cave, I don't think I will be able to hold myself back."

Well...That's understandable.

"Where's their boss?"

"I took him down. In order to undo the brainwashing of the other emissaries, I challenged him in front of everyone and defeated him fairly...After that, due to some reasons, Gazaine was nearly eaten by the Evil God, but I gave him the finishing blow."

"That's reassuring...In that case, I have to properly show my gratitude towards you. Thank you, Edgar. For saving this child...And, for taking down that detestable religious organisation."

Moria-san told me while tightly embracing Miguel.

Although Miguel was screaming "it hurts", she didn't seem to notice it.

"You are welcome. ...I wonder if it's appropriate to say that. I took down <Yatagarasu> for my own reasons. There is no reason to thank me."

As I said that, Miguel, who somehow escaped from Moria-san, said to me.

"That's right! Is it true that you defeated Lea....Gazaine in a one-on-one fight!? Why did you do such an enjoyable-looking thing when I wasn't there to see! It's not fair!"

"...Speaking of which, it was slipped in so smoothly, but is it true that you

defeated the leader of <Yatagarasu>?"

Hearing Moria-san's words, Chester-niisan who had been watching over the surroundings, and the female adventurer, looked at me intently.

How should I answer, I wonder?

It has been a while since it was like this.

In the Nest, it was agreed that I was "somewhat strange" so I was able to move while disregarding my apparent age, but to these guys, it must look strange indeed.

"—It's true."

As I was perplexed over this situation, a clear voice was heard from behind me.

Turning around, I saw Elemia standing there.

She should've been sleeping but she must have woken up and come over.

"Oro...Edgar-kun defeated Gazaine. In a duel. In addition, I believe he overpowered Gazaine from start to finish."

"No, it was quite a tough fight...."

However, it might've looked like that from the sidelines.

"It was also him who defeated Goleth of the Throwing Spear, the leader of <Black Wolf Fang>, right? I don't think it can be denied. After all, the Chrebl

couple aren't the kind of people who would lie to me about such trivial things.”

The one who said that was the woman with luxurious blonde hair who had brought the adventurers with her.

[Appraisal].

『Menace Kyuzeroitz (First daughter of the Earl Kyuzeroitz household | Adventurer (A Rank) | 『Witch of Kyuzeroitz』 | 『 [Ruby[of <Six Stars of the Dipper>]』 | 『Combat Researcher』)』

Level 49』

Speaking of <Six Stars of the Dipper>, I heard something about it at the adventurer's guild in Fauno City.

It was a story about Chester-niisan assembling a party to go on a harpy extermination.

“Did you already finish dealing with the harpies?”

As I asked that,

“Yes. We had an easy time hunting them thanks to Chester-kun. And that's why we are helping to search for the Nest, since we also get the opportunity to explore a harpies' nest. ——But rather than that,”

Menace-san suddenly drew her face near me.

“As expected of Julia’s child, I found a worthy vessel. Hey, I wonder if it’s alright to witness your fighting on our way back?”

I wondered whether she was suspicious of me but,

“Ah, it’s because Menace-san has the temperament of a dao-seeker. She’s the kind of person who would leave *<Six Stars of the Dipper>* if all six of the strongest people were assembled because she finds it boring.”

Chester-niisan explained to me.

“After your mother retired, there was nobody worth competing against. I wonder if this child could become my rival?”

“Wait a second, Menace, what are you saying to a little child.”

Moria-san said, seemingly surprised.

“So, what will you do, Edgar. Will you come back to Fauno city with us like this?”

“No, although you went to the trouble, I’m staying here. I can’t afford to leave this place until I hand over the management of the Nest to the knights working under Dad.”

“Really...You are an unbelievably strong child. I wish my Miguel would also learn from you.”

While talking, Moria-san tapped Miguel's head.

“——Miguel, you should go with Moria-san.”

“Is that okay? You'll have a lot of trouble with the Nest from now on, right?”

“I'll handle that somehow. It would be quite the pity to separate you from Moria-san again after such a long-awaited reunion.”

After I had a discussion with Moria-san and Menace-san about future matters, we split up once more.

Because Chester-niisan said that he would also remain, he, along with several of the adventurers who were following Menace-san set up camp outside the Nest.

I said I would prepare a place inside the Nest, but Chester-niisan said “I don't want to provoke them” and rejected it, and the adventurers also declined it quite frankly saying “excuse us from staying in the headquarters of a religious assassination organisation”.

I understood their feelings so I didn't say any unnecessary things.

Rather, their reaction was perfectly normal.

Thinking about the treatment that the ex-emissaries of <Yatagarasu> would receive from now on, I felt a heavy burden weighing on my shoulders rather than the joy from releasing them.

Chapter 61: Holiday

—It has been 2 weeks since the *<Yatagarasu>* case.

I was staying in the Viscount Chrebl residence in Fauno City.

Currently residing within the Chrebl residence were: Alfred-tousan, Julia-kaasan, Steph and the other servants, along with Elemia, Donna, Beck, Grandpa Ganash, several of the kids from the children's room, and finally myself.

Miguel's absence wasn't really because he was being ostracised; he was currently staying at an inn with his mother, Moria-san.

As for the kids from the children's room, we planned to escort them back to their homes one by one, as soon as we'd ascertained their identities, but they were taking residence inside of the estate for now.

Donna, as the eldest one, along with the fairies under Melby's command—including Cecil and Cecila—were very helpful in looking after them.

Nebil and the former emissaries of "Orochi's faction" remained in the Nest to monitor the other emissaries.

The knights of the Third Army that was under Dad's command also stayed in the Nest, where the ex-emissaries of *<yatagarasu>* remained under house-arrest.

Many of them had simply been tricked, but because of that, it was hard to tell how much leniency we could possibly give them at the moment.

Even in the Japan of my previous life, I'd heard that things like mind control

were treated as occult, until religious cult-organisations started causing terrorist incidents.

I repeatedly consulted my dad about how to best plead their case here in Marquekt.

According to Dad, His Majesty the King will no doubt be presiding over this case directly.

For that reason, it is necessary for all related personnel, including Dad, to head to the royal capital, Monokannus, but they were currently still questioning the emissaries inside of the Nest. Grasping the full extent of *<yatagarasu>* took priority, so I was told that it would be several months before their departure to Monokannus.

“Aren’t there any summons from His Majesty?”

“Ed’s speech has thoroughly improved.”

At my question, Dad made a comment of admiration like such, then,

“I received an order from His Majesty: to obtain the full story and receive clarification about the whole incident, and *< Yatagarasu>*, on-site.

For this case, I was given full authority as the main lead.”

“...Don’t they usually send people from the capital?”

“That’s probably the case in other countries.

However, our king is someone who will assign authority to determined subordinates without any hesitation.

Thanks to that, work is easier in regards to location, and I'm glad."

The current king of Santamana Kingdom, Vistgard the First.

All I knew was his name, but since Dad has said so much, he must be a good king.

"...Come to think of it, you're going to the Fairy Hamlet today, right Ed?

Did you finish all of your preparations?"

"Ah, that's right."

"Yes, well, um... don't be too late, okay?"

"...? Mn, of course."

While confused about Dad's way of speaking—like he had something stuck in his teeth—I left Dad's study.



"A visitor will be coming today, so Edgar-kun can take your time in the Fairy Hamlet, okay?"

Just when I was about to leave, Julia-kaasan said this to me, before giving me a larger allowance than usual.

I couldn't help but be puzzled.

Since I returned from the Crow's Nest, Julia-kaasan has been with me around the clock; even getting the time to raise my skills has been difficult.

However, that suddenly reversed today.

“...Wasn’t she somewhat distant?”

I asked Melby.

“I-I don’t think that was the case?”

Melby said with her eyes averted.

...This was indeed strange.

Both Dad and Mum, and possibly even Melby, feel somewhat distant.

Melby can’t lie so perhaps she’s just trying to dodge the question, but...

“I did too much of my own free will, so maybe they’re upset?”

During the events at Ranzrack Fortress and <yatagarasu>, I’d only done so because I didn’t have a choice, but for my parents to still consider that as a young child willfully leaping into danger wasn’t strange.

Furthermore, having reincarnated, I don’t have much of the fundamental innocence a child should have.

Because I’m a strange infant who’s more attracted to raising his skills than his papa and mama.

It’s not like there wasn’t a chance of them running out of patience with me

either.

“Well, she did say a visitor was coming, so maybe they’re just busy.”

If it was the me from my previous life, they might’ve distrusted me more, but because I had been born in this world, I have been blessed with both Julia-kaasan and Alfred-tousan’s trust and affection.

So far, they have never seriously doubted me.

However, I need to consider what I can do for them henceforth.

“For the time being, let’s take a trip to the market.”

I could be treated by Cecil and Cecila in the Fairy Hamlet, but the fundamental amount of food required for fairies who wouldn’t die even if they didn’t eat, and humans, was completely different.

Besides, it’s awkward to have them make food for me with such tiny bodies.

Let’s buy lunch at the marketplace and bring it with me.

After all, I received some spending money from Mum.

I rolled the copper coins I had received from Mum around in the palm of my hand.

It’s a little late now, but let’s recall how the currency of this world works.

Marquekt’s—No, more accurately, Santamana Kingdom’s—currency, as typical of the fantasy genre, consists of three varieties: gold coins, silver coins, and copper coins, with one hundred of each equating to the value of a single coin of the higher currency.

That said, since it's a hassle to carry one hundred coins for each, there are large copper coins, large silver coins, and large gold coins that are all worth ten of their respective currency.

One copper coin is worth about ten yen from my previous world, so a large copper coin would be worth a hundred yen. Continuing this, it would be one thousand yen per silver coin, ten thousand yen per large silver coin, one hundred thousand yen per gold coin, and one million yen per large gold coin.

However, the coins must have the round seal of the kingdom's mint bureau engraved on them, otherwise they can't be exchanged, unless they're entrusted to specialised money-exchange businesses.

Also, apparently money-exchange businesses have reduced exchange rates compared to regular currency.

This was to prevent the smelting down of money.

If large coins weighed the same as small coins, it'd be meaningless to specially carry large coins, so a large coin only has 1.5x the size of a normal coin.

If smelting was approved then, since one large coin could be exchanged for 10 small coins, the quantity of metal used to make the coins would increase if smelted.

Depending on the amount and price of the metal, by exchanging large coins for small coins and then smelting them down to sell the smelted metal, a commission could be earned.

This was why a royal decree was established saying that coins without the round seal can't be used, and that exchanging money has also become unfavourable.

What's interesting is that apparently the large coins used to be close to ten times the size of the small coins at first, but they gradually shrunk with the years and now had roughly the same difference in size as a 100 yen coin and 500 yen coin from the Japan of my previous life.

In short, to bridge the ratio difference between the value of coins and value of material, the country applied a seal to the coins and certified that "this large copper coin has the value of ten copper coins".

Hence, large coins could be said to be a conversion currency that could be exchanged for ten small coins, as assured by the country.

"Hmm... In that case, on all the copper coins—no, wouldn't printing paper currency and applying a seal to them be better?

For example, an arrangement where a certain bill can be exchanged for one gold coin."

I've asked Dad about this kind of thing before.

"Hmm, it certainly sounds fine in theory.

However, the paper would get dirty and torn, and would also be quite easy to counterfeit too, wouldn't it?"

That certainly would happen, considering the technology level of this world.

Furthermore, because paper was originally an imported good and also has a high price in Santamana, paper would be more expensive than a single copper coin.

"In my previous life, the country would issue paper bills that assured their conversion to gold.

The advantage of this method was that as long as people had faith in the

country, more paper bills than there was gold could be issued.

Thus, the issued paper bills could be lent out to financiers at low interest rates, in turn allowing the money to be lent out to merchants, and thus letting them produce a steady flow of money.

If conditions worsened, the interest rate could be lowered as compensation. It was even possible to control the prices of commodities.”

“...That appears to be a rather unreliable method though.

Wouldn’t it be a big problem if everyone with paper bills simultaneously wanted to exchange them for money?”

“It’s enough to manage the country soundly.

In my previous world, they even ended up ceasing the conversion to gold.

Well, even if that’s difficult, I think you should still be able to collect enough deposits to form a bank.

In this world, is there anyone who is entrusted with money, who then takes that money to invest in promising projects?”

“If I had to say, I suppose some of the gold craftsmen do that.

The gold and silver being used as materials are expensive by nature, and customers entrust them with the gold and silver in their possession to be processed.

Thus, besides gold crafting, they’re also entrusted with gold and silver from the customers and issue deposit receipts.

Because it’s dangerous for conspicuous nobles and high-ranking adventurers to carry valuables on their person, it seems they intrust their gold and silver to gold workshops.

Of course, the workshops employ strong guards such as former adventurers. The gold and silver is also stored in sturdy safeboxes that are under strict

management and locked with several keys, and won't even budge a bit to magic.

Apparently the gold craftsmen also loan out the deposited gold and silver to merchants and such, and receive interest back. Naturally, it's only for the very few merchants whom they place their trust in, it seems.

I've heard that deposit receipts, containing the same value as the amount of gold and silver deposited, are also used as an endorsed method of payment.

Maybe this is similar to the paper bills you described, Ed.

In the past, the merchants in Fauno City who became unable to pay the market tax were able to request the use of deposit receipts as a security for loans, or so I've discovered."

"That's probably a business with very good prospects.

It's profitable, and I think it's also a good encouragement for a new type of industry in one's territory."

I told Dad what I knew about banking and currency trading.

"Now that you mention it, it might be true.

I'll discuss with Poporus-san, and perhaps let him give it a try?"

Poporus-san referred to the village chief of Trenadette Village, who also happens to be a former merchant and Steph's father.

It seems like that village chief used to be quite a shrewd merchant in the past.

He said he wanted to settle down after he built a family, so Dad appointed him as the village chief of Trenadette Village out of gratitude.

"Huh? But Poporus-san said that he wanted to be a direct retainer of Dad

though?"

"Oh, is that so?

It's because that person is very capable.

He did indeed settle down after forming a family, so perhaps he feels unsatisfied?"

"Hmm... It seems to me like he wants his family life to be more prosperous though."

"That certainly might be true, but they've started the experimental cultivation of cotton in that village, so it's gradually becoming more prosperous.

That's why I believe that him wanting to become my direct retainer is because he's now wanting an even greater job.

He might be saying that with self-awareness, or might be unconsciously desiring it for the sake of his family."

It seems like he's saying something very deep.

"Ed, it might be good if you remember this too.

People are unrestricted when it comes to being able to grasp their desires by themselves.

Moreover, there are cases in which it is easier to understand from the point of view of an outsider.

In the future, when you are in the position to employ others, Ed, try to read between the lines and infer what the other party truly desires.

Despite having given them their desired position, them being unsatisfied with the treatment and such unexpectedly does happen.

That said, we can't disregard their wishes either, so it's difficult."

"How can we tell things like that?"

"That's right..."

The most important thing is to have an interest in the other party, I suppose."

"Interest..."

"Yeah.

If you're interested in the other party, won't their personality and situation naturally flow into your head?

In that case, you'll also come to know their desires.

An ancient sage I respect once said.

"A feudal lord who takes an interest in their people will naturally have a good reign."

That's why, when you have your own subordinates, Ed, it would be good to take an interest in them.

If you do that, then you'll naturally know what to do and will be able to heed their wishes without much conscious thought."

As expected of Alfred-tousan, he gives significant advice.

To be honest, I never thought of myself as a person who stands above others, but with a long life, I can't deny the possibility of it happening.

I will gratefully bear in mind Dad's advice.

Now, delicious smells came drifting my way when I arrived at the

marketplace.

I purchased some deep-fried land shrimp, grilled sand-turtle innards, and baked bread for myself, and chose some nuts and berries to bring as presents for the fairies.

Holding the bag filled with food in my arms, I entered an unpopulated alley, then had Melby open up a gate and travelled to the Fairy Hamlet.

Chapter 62: Begin! Autonomous Separation Barrier Extrication Machine: Prototype

““Uggh...””

The groans of both Melby and me were unexpectedly harmonised.

We were in Melby’s hometown—Tetelutia Fairy Hamlet—inside the cave with the separation barrier that imprisoned Melby’s “Master”.

Before our eyes was a revolving machine that made strange *clunk clunk* sounds as it spun.

This machine, if given a name, should be called something like the “Autonomous Separation Barrier Extrication Machine”.

It was comprised of the various machinery parts recovered in the historic remains of the Crow’s Nest.

Its structure was rather simple.

The kinetic energy of the motor is harnessed by the gears, which slowly turns the cam (a rotating component that was bent into an egg shape), and that cam engages the Dimension Chisel that is set into a cylinder.

As a result, the Dimension Chisel’s tip is thrust out from the machine and stabs into the Separation Barrier.

The Dimension Chisel then returns to its original position via the power of springs that are built into the cylinder.

Afterwards, this repeats.

However, with just this, there is no mana supplied to the Dimension Chisel, and thus the Separation Barrier cannot be whittled down.

‘Then what to do?’ I thought, and thereupon came the question I asked of the goddess.

—Even if there isn’t anything like magic gems, it would be good if there was something that could store energy produced by magic.

The goddess’ answer was a huge hint.

I thought about using [Lightning Magic] to charge the battery recovered from the historic remains, and supplying mana through that.

However, what I first tested, the method of extending a copper wire from the battery and coiling it around the Dimension Chisel, was no good.

Certainly, through this method, what is transmitted to the Dimension Chisel is not mana, but electricity.

No, just coiling a cord around would not even let electricity be transmitted.

The Dimension Chisel doesn’t conduct electricity, so directly connecting it to the battery is impossible.

Next, I thought of dismantling a certain something and using that.

—The slave collar.

Since the collar draws out 20 MP if one tries to forcibly unfasten it, I thought it might be of some use. After the confrontation with Gazaine, I collected them from the children.

I entrusted those collars to Melby and had her disassemble them to create a lorate magic tool that would produce the necessary amount of MP for the Dimension Chisel.

For Melby, the producer of the Dimension Chisel, this wasn't a very difficult task.

Between Melby and I, we called it the “mana-suction cord”. I wrapped this cord around the battery and installed it into the lower section of the cylinder so that it was in contact with the chisel.

When I struck the chisel with my hand, mana was drawn out from the battery as intended. The chisel then absorbed that mana and struck the Separation Barrier.

When the Separation Barrier peeled off properly, I did a boisterous dance with Melby.

Then, combining that mana-suction cord, battery, Dimension Chisel, motor, gear, and cam, with the motor connecting to another battery, we finally produced the prototype “Totally Automatic Separation Barrier Removal Machine” today, but—

“...When that section of the Separation Barrier becomes thinner, the distance between the chisel and barrier changes, and it looks like that disturbs the balance.”

“The peeled off fragment sticks into the ground around the barrier’s base, and the machine slants a little.”

“Which means, it’s necessary to have a mechanism to adjust the distance to the Separation Barrier...”

“A mechanism to automatically remove the peeled fragments might be needed too...”

Things were only looking good at the beginning; as soon as the Dimension Chisel had been thrust out a few times, the machine toppled over from the recoil.

“”Sigh...””

Because our expectations had been so great, the disappointment was all the greater.

“...Can’t we entrust the fairies with the justification of the machine and clearing of fragments?”

“That’s impossible.

If those children are made to do such simple tasks, they’d immediately tire of it and go out to play.”

The goddess said that to avoid harming the spirits of the long-lived fairies, their attentiveness became dispersed.

“It’s fine for me to be persistent and adjust it though...”

“No, we tried to automate it because it’s not good for you to station yourself by the barrier all day and night, so...”

That’s true.

Melby’s master——Pioneer Elf survivor Alfecia-san’s rescue was important, but the raising of my own skills was just as essential.

“Hmm... I don’t think it’s impossible, but I don’t think we can make this prototype any more complex.”

“...What do you mean?”

“This prototype has a need for the Dimension Chisel to remain in contact with the mana-suction cord and battery, so the heavy battery part is on top, right?

Because of that, the centre of gravity is elevated, making it more prone to falling.

Of course, we can make the machine itself heavier, but then the justification of the Separation Barrier becomes difficult.”

The only thing I could think of in regards to the justification was attaching wheels driven by a motor. However, if the machine becomes heavy, it would be hard to move it with just that.

Also, with my technological ability, making a machine with such an elaborated process as advancing forward with the chisel 1mm at a time does not seem possible at all.

Incidentally, in this Fairy Hamlet that balances out the body and spirit, my “body” has become larger than usual.

Similar to when I came to this Fairy Hamlet last time, my appearance has changed to about 6 years of age, so there’s no impediment for just assembling the machine at least.

There’s not impediment, but...

“As expected, the machine has poor workmanship overall...”

All of the parts excavated from the historic remains were made by the neurotic Mr Heydrich and thus were extremely precise.

However, the frame to assemble them was a product I made by cutting up timber—something at a DIY level—so it would bend with just the slightest movement.

...Ah, the clunking motor part came off.

I do have the [Carving] skill, but this [Carving] didn't seem very suited for the manufacturing of a machine like this.

Fundamentally speaking, there seems to be a strong emphasis on reproducing the feelings of the skill user, so doing something like cutting material in accordance with a blueprint is difficult.

Even if delicate craftsmanship is possible, precise manufacturing is impossible... It's that kind of feeling.

In this case, I'd like a skill more suited to manufacturing.

"I wonder if there's a skill system related to machine production...?"

Mr Heydrich actually made quite precise components and machinery."

There was also a machine for metalwork in the historic remains, one that I've previously seen in the enterprise induction courses in my former world.

Because it was properly collected into Melby's dimensional storage, it's possible to use that.

However, the manufacturing machines I saw in my previous life were advanced to the point of being automated by computers.

As for the machines made by Mr Heydrich himself, they were extremely analogue and of the standard produced during wartime. Furthermore, they had been restructured quite a bit, given that they would be utilising mana.

Personality aside, Mr Heydrich was, without a doubt, an excellent engineer; he proved successful with something I can't lay my hands on at all.

No, before that, not being an engineer myself, drawing up a plan and cutting and assembling the materials itself had quite a high degree of difficulty for me.

Or perhaps, I'll become able to do such work smoothly by tempering a production-class skill as well.

“...Do I have no choice but to begin from there?”

If I'm to start from improving a skill for the production of machinery, I feel like using that time to whittle down the Separation Barrier by myself would be faster.

Either way, I can focus and make an effort on it once I start since I have [No Fatigue], but it's difficult to try to use my time efficiently.

While I was worrying about this,

“—But there's been considerable advancement.”

Melby said in a cheerful voice.

“Until now, we were always in an environment where it was natural to have no progress.

Taking one step or two steps is progressing forward, so I must first

acknowledge that.

“Thank you very much, Ed.”

“Ah, no...”

“There’s still time.

If it slowly accumulates, I’m sure Master will be saved in due time.”

Melby spent an overwhelming amount of time to develop the Dimension Chisel.

In comparison to that time where she was practically groping around in the dark, it was much better now as she has hope.

“...That’s true.

Let’s not be impatient.”

For the time being, I had Melby stow away the prototype, had some tea in the Fairy Hamlet, then Melby and I returned to Fauno City.



It seemed that the sun had yet to set in Fauno City.

The flow of time in the Fairy Hamlet is slower, so my senses were in disarray.

For some reason, the fairies led by Cecil and Cecila didn’t really come to bother us today, so I ended up returning home having only done the performance test of the prototype.

If they came to bother us then they would bother us, which is irritating, but not coming to bother us meant that they didn't bother us; me feeling a little lonely was just my troublesome personality, I suppose.

“I finished earlier than I expected...

I was told that a guest was coming, but I wonder if they've already gone home?

I want to quickly go home and rest.”

Perhaps it was because the savage lifestyle in <Yatagarasu> had lasted a long time, but recently I've come to like resting at home better than going out.

However, Melby spoke in a flustered manner when she heard my words.

“Y-you can't!”

“Why?”

“T-that is... Ah, hey, let's go take a look around the marketplace!”

“Eh? I think we saw most of it before though.”

“Uuh.... that is... that's right!

You haven't met up with Miguel's group for a while now, right?

Let's go to the Adventurer's Guild!”

“No, about that 'that's right' you said just now...”

“N-never mind that! Let’s go!?”

“I-I get it...”

I don’t really understand, but it’s true I want to see Miguel.

Elezia and Beck don’t have any relatives, and Donna was Grandpa Ganash’s ward, but because Grandpa Ganash was rather advanced in age, they were all being looked after in the Viscount Chrebl estate.

In contrast to that, Miguel was in the custody of his own mother, former companion of Julia-kaasan and A-Rank adventurer, Moria-san.

At present, Miguel was being taught the basics of being an adventurer from Moria-san so, as Melby said, I haven’t seen him much lately.

In regards to Miguel, I consider him a friend of the same age.

I’m older in terms of mental age, and Miguel is older in terms of physical age, but for better or worse, that guy is someone I don’t need to be reserved with.

I don’t know whether Miguel’s group is at the guild or not, but since I have the time, it should be fine to go have a look.

Chapter 63: Adventurer Registration

“——Pardon my intrusion.”

I don't know if that was the correct thing to say, but when I entered the Adventurer's Guild with a greeting, inside were the parent-and-child couple Moria-san and Miguel, Hoffman-san, and, for some reason, Beck was also there.

“Huh? Oro... no, it's Edgar.

I'm sure today was...”

Interrupting Miguel who had started speaking, Moria-san said.

“Oh, what's the matter?”

“No, I don't really have any business here, but Melby said we should come see Miguel's face once in a while.”

“Eh? Me... ah, I did say that.

It's been a while, Miguel.

Have you been well?”

“Huh? Ah, yeah.

Mum's training is tough, but I've slowly gotten used to it.”

Miguel said with pride.

Ignoring Miguel's triumphant look, I started talking to Beck.

"Beck, why are you here?"

"Mn, actually, I had something to consult Hoffman-san about."

"Consult? ...Ah, no, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"It's fine.

Hoffman-san said he also took the role of the party's tank, so I just wanted to seek advice from him.

Because I realised that I must become much stronger."

Beck probably also has times when he thinks back to that incident.

He did say that he can't stay indebted to the Chrebl household forever, and previously said that he wanted to find his own independent path as an adventurer.

"I see. If it's you, Beck, I'm sure you'll make a fine tank."

"Thank you.

But you're referring to my Skills, right?"

"I can't say that's not also a factor, but didn't you say so yourself?

'After all, I am Vajra Knight Dikreos Wawn's son!

As if I could leave my comrades and turn my back on the enemy!"'

"W-wait, stop it, it's embarrassing!"

"It's not embarrassing at all, you were really cool."

"...Even though you called it an unwelcome favour back then."

"Back then, we both felt the same way.

What I want to say is, you already have that much resolve."

While Beck and I were having such a discussion,

"Oh...

Did you say Vajra Knight Dikreos Wawn...?"

Hoffman-san came over and asked.

"You know him?"

"Whether I know him or not... it's said that there's such a person in Sonoraat, a famous knight.

I heard he was betrayed in domestic warfare and died..."

"...That's right.

Dad was killed while covering me.

Afterwards, I was brainwashed by <Yatagarasu>..."

Hoffman-san placed his hand on Beck's head, who was muttering with a dark face.

"...He died protecting someone important.

As expected of a Vajra Knight.

Even for me, to be able to protect someone else while dying... I don't have the confidence to do so."

"Hoffman-san..."

There seemed to be some sort of understanding between Beck and Hoffman-san that only someone assuming the role of tank would understand.

"Then, Beck's also aiming to be an adventurer, huh.

It feels like I'm the only one being left behind."

When I muttered that,

"Oh my, have you still not registered to be an adventurer yet, Edgar?

...Oh that's right."

As if she remembered my age, Moria-san reached an understanding.

"But there's no age limit for registering at the guild.

Adventurer parents come to register their children a lot too.

Well, in that case, the children become adventurers out of convenience, in order to make running errands for their parents easier for them.”

“Heh, so there’s something like that....”

“Since we have the opportunity, would you like try registering too, Edgar?

If it’s just the handling fee, I don’t mind paying for it.”

“Is that alright?

Well, I’ll pay for the handling fee myself though.”

“It’s fine.

After all, today is... I mean, you’re Julia’s child and Miguel’s friend, and you look like a kid to me.

Just leave things to this A-Ranked big sis.”

Saying that, Moria-san approached the guild counter.

“Ah, Miranda.

I want to register someone new...”

“Yes, it’s fine.

Is it that child over there?”

“Right, his name is...”

“——WAIT A MINUTEEEEEEE!”

The one who suddenly raised his voice and cut in was——me.

“W-what is it, this isn’t anything surprising, is it?”

“Moria-san, lend me your ear for a moment.”

“What’s the matter, good grief...”

With these words, Moria-san leaned over and turned her ear towards me. Mumbling, I told her my request.

“Ehh...”

After entrusting the troubled-looking Moria-san with my request, I left through the guild doors and went outside.



——I slipped through the doors of the Adventurer’s Guild.

Just as I slipped through the doors, a rude, scrutinising gaze was sent over from the bar attached to the guild.

In the bar were many men possessing the air of true veteran adventurers, and a red-haired female knight was leaning her back against the wall.

I approached the counter and,

“—I’d like to register as an adventurer.”

I addressed the receptionist.

The receptionist was the poster girl of the guild.

She was a beauty with a good figure in her early twenties, but her lack of a smile was a shortcoming.

“Well then, write your name on this form—”

It was when the receptionist started talking.

“Hey, hey, are you serious?

As if a tiny kid like you is fit to be an adventurer!

Brat, go home and suck on your mama’s breasts or somethin’!

Gyahahaha!”

The one who said that, coming to pick a fight, was a red-faced adventurer who had been drinking with his companions until just then.

He had a large build and a large scar on his face.

I coolly ignored the man's words and asked the receptionist.

"...Hey, someone's trying to pick a fight with me."

"The guild will not participate in a quarrel between fellow adventurers.

Please resolve this matter among yourselves."

"Huh? Then it's okay to do as I please, right?"

When I say that with a smile, the scarred man seized my shoulder.

"Hey, you shitty brat!

Whaddya say just now?"

"What, are you deaf?

That's fatal for an adventurer.

Isn't it better for you to retire before you lose your life, old man?"

"WHAT. DID. YOU. SAY!?

Unforgivable!

Don't think you can just make fun of C-Rank Adventurer 《Hunting Dog》 Andrew Joe!"

The man——Andrew unsheathed his sword.

“Wait, Andrew-san!

Bloodshed inside the guild is——”

“Shuddup!”

Using [Discern], I bypassed Andrew’s slash by a paper-thin margin. I then leapt at his chest, casting [Psychokinesis] on Andrew’s vest and forcibly blasting him into the wall.

“Guaaaah!”

Andrew groans.

“H-hey, 《Hunting Dog》 Andrew’s been done in by a newcomer...”

“That kid, he’s so cool... I’m in love! I just want to hug him!”

I could hear such murmurs drifting over from the direction of the bar.

“Anyway, I’d like to register soon.”

“Ah, y-yes! I-it’s this form!”

I nonchalantly took the pen, wrote my name and field of expertise on the adventurer registration form, and handed it to the receptionist.

“With this, your registration is complete.”

Nodding at the receptionist's words, I——had a fist land on my head.

“Ouch!”

“How long are you going to continue acting, geez!”

The one whose fist landed on me was, naturally, Moria-san.

“Hey, Andrew, don't keep lying there forever!”

“Yeah, yeah.”

The man who had been blown into the wall (or at least pretended that he had) got up.

“Hey, kid, I acted along with what I was told, so won't you get me some alcohol?”

“Yeah, thanks, Mister.

——Ah, Miss Waitress, send some alcohol to that guy's table for me! Here's the money.”

I handed a single silver coin to the waitress who was passing by, and treated Andrew-san, who cooperated with the play, as well as the other extras, to some alcohol.

By the way, this silver coin was not part of the allowance given to me by Julia-

kaasan. It was something I swiped from the executives' rooms when we left <Yatagarasu>.

“——Let me add this just in case, when fellow adventurers affiliated with the guild have a dispute, a general rule is that both parties are to blame.

In order to preserve the nature of our adventurers, a strict punishment is applied to fellow adventurers who quarrel.

For example, when one party draws their sword like what happened just then, they would almost certainly be expelled from the guild.

The challenged side would be deemed to be acting in self-defense at the minimum necessary level, but would be punished if they overdo it, downgrading in rank, or even being expelled in the worst case scenario.

This is because there have been incidents in the past where people have picked a fight, making the other party draw their swords first, and giving the hollow excuse of it being legitimate self-defense.

Adventurers are free beings, so we'll be troubled if they become outlaws. I sincerely ask you to act with more discretion.”

Regardless of whether this was a performance or not, having remained expressionless since the start, the receptionist said that.

She was expressionless, but she might unexpectedly be someone who gets into things easily, as someone who had been enlisted to help with the act.

By the way, the adventurer registration form I submitted to the receptionist was genuine.

“...So, what exactly was this farce about?”

Glaring at me with reproachful eyes, Miguel asked.

“But, when talking about registering as an adventurer, this comes to mind, right?”

“Well, this is certainly a common development in adventurers’ sagas.”

Moria-san said, shrugging her shoulders.

Ah, so they had those in this world as well.

“So, if we’re talking about the continuation of this scene, the boss of these delinquent adventurers you knocked down would make his appearance and come attack the protagonist, a new adventurer, in a back alley.”

“Hmm, so that’s the way things are, huh.”

While I was honestly admiring that,

“—Let’s try following that route once, shall we?”

Moria-san said, keeping a watchful eye on me.

“Oi, you! I heard you were quite rough with my younger bros earlier.

I guess I’ve gotta teach an impudent newbie about the laws of this town!”

Talking in high spirits, it seemed like Moria-san was a fanatic about those kinds of sagas.

“Heh, bring it on if you can!”

...Is it something like this?

And like that, me, Moria-san, Hoffman-san, Miguel, and Beck decided to head to the training area behind the guild.

Incidentally, Andrew and the others, even the drunk adventurers, also came along but... well, it's fine.

Chapter 64: Jackpot

The training grounds were of a similar size to their counterpart in the Crow's Nest, slightly more spacious than the gymnasiums in my previous life.

Moria-san and I both equipped wooden training weapons, and positioned ourselves about 5 metres away from each other.

Moria-san held a wooden sword in each hand, and I also had wooden swords in both hands, but with a knife-shaped wooden sword at my waist as well.

“...So how do we fight?”

Moria-san asked dubiously.

Certainly, the wooden swords were a bit oversized for me, and their tips ended up poking into the ground.

It wasn't as bad when it was just one sword, but I was holding them in either hand.

“Look forward to that when we give it a try.”

I answered with a smile.

“Mum, it's better not to let down your guard.

It's hard to tell what Edgar will do.”

Miguel said, as a supporter of Moria's faction.

Rather, there are no supporters on my side.

Even Beck was on Moria-san's side, and the sole person on my side was Andrew, who seemed to have bet money on my win.

The other person who seems like they might have been my ally, Hoffman-san, was acting as the referee this time.

Now then, let's have a look at Moria-san's status before this mock battle.

《 Moria Mittelt Zkornash (Adventurer (A Rank) | 《Scarlet》) 》

32 Years Old

Level 50

HP: 117/117

MP: 25/25

Skills

• Master class

[Dual Swordsmanship] 5

[Discern] 3

[Sense Presence] 3 (↑1)

• General

[Dual Sword Techniques] 9 (MAX)

[Sword Techniques] 7

[Stealth Steps] 6 (↑1)

[Assassination Techniques] 5

[Eavesdropping] 5

[Throwing Axe Techniques] 5 (↑1)

[Unarmed Combat] 3

[Battleaxe Techniques] 3

[Farsight] 3 (↑1)

[Shuriken Techniques] 2

[Knife Throwing] 2 »

The last time I saw Moria-san's status was immediately after I had first arrived in Fauno City, before the attack from <Yatagarasu>.

Compared to that time, the reconnaissance-class skills have improved slightly.

I suppose the improvement of [Throwing Axe Techniques] was the result of the harpy hunting.

Moria-san's skill configuration was fundamentally that of a first-class swordsman, but she could function adequately as a scout with skills like [Sense Presence] and [Stealth Steps].

Moria-san was originally tasked with guarding the baby firedrake, said the mother firedrake.

I suppose she was a particularly outstanding warrior among the Zkornash clan who were the retainers of firedrake Agnia.

As far as I can see from her status, Gazaine's level might be out of her reach, but even so, the abilities she possesses are excellent enough to give me quite a good fight.

“——Begin!”

Together with Hoffman-san's command, Moria-san rushes out.

I threw one of my swords at her with a sense of desperation.

"Sh!"

With a sharp exhalation, Moria-san parried the sword I threw out with one of the swords in her hand.

Ignoring this, I throw my other sword.

Whoosh, a sharp wind-cutting sound rang out.

I was a bit lax with the first throw, but the second throw was a serious throw, making use of my [Throwing Techniques] skill.

Frowning, Moria-san parries the sword I threw with the sword in her other hand, in the same manner as before.

In that state, Moria-san closes in on me.

With impatience on my face, I [Leap] backwards.

Of course, it wasn't like I could escape with that, and Moria-san's dual swords approached me—

"—Cch!?"

Moria-san suddenly twists her body.

A wooden sword grazed her shoulder.

It was the wooden sword I had thrown at the beginning.

The wooden sword had been under the influence of [Psychokinesis] since the

beginning.

The impatient expression I had just now was, of course, fake; it was a trap to divert her attention away from the wooden sword.

I use [Flying Swordsman] to manipulate the two wooden swords, and commenced a continuous assault without pause against Moria-san.

“Wh-what is this!?”

While astonished by the two wooden swords that were attacking by themselves (although they were actually being manipulated by me), Moria-san dodged those attacks with her superior agility.

As expected of someone with [Discern], they don't even graze her.

Well then, how about this—?

“λ (wind) · v (spread) ——《Windblow》!”

“Khh—!”

The strong wind produced by me blows against Moria-san's body and slows down her movements.

I had confirmed beforehand that magic can be used if it's to the extent where the opponent will not be hurt.

Moria twists her body while facing the strong wind, and narrowly avoids the attacking wooden swords.

However, it seems Moria-san had still been forcing herself, as her stance crumbled greatly.

Throwing knives—were likely to be avoided.

I boosted my [Leap] with [Psychokinesis] and accelerated, moving the knife in my hand towards Moria-san's neck—

The moment I tried to strike, my arm was caught.

“Take this!”

“What!?”

It seems Moria-san appearing to stumble was her luring me in.

Moria-san threw away her signature dual swords, commencing to throw me after grabbing my arm.

I spin my body around with [Psychokinesis] and somehow land on my feet but,

“—Alright, that's the end.”

Along with the sound of a *thwack*, a wooden sword in Moria-san's hand was thrust out at me.

After Moria-san threw her wooden sword directly upwards, she threw me, then caught the falling wooden sword... I guess.

That involved quite a bit of acrobatics.

“That’s it! It’s Moria’s win!”

Hoffman declares.

“Ugh...”

My shoulders dropped in disappointment.

To be honest, I had underestimated Moria-san.

I didn’t think that she would be stronger than Gazaine.

Certainly, one of the best assassins—when compared to a interpersonal fighting expert, Moria-san, whose main opponents were monsters, had an upfront fighting style without vices.

With monsters as the opponent, it was fine not to think much about reading the opponent’s moves.

However, Moria-san was an adventurer who had climbed to the ranks of A-rank as a woman.

I’m sure she’s had plenty of experience slashing and striking against people.

I can probably win without revealing my full power—She wasn’t such a sweet opponent you could fight and win against with such negligence.

“Well, I don’t think this is your full power though.”

Said Moria-san

“If we were to kill each other with lethal spells and weapons, I would be the

one at a disadvantage.

But you know—”

Moria-san walked up to me determinedly and brought her face close to mine.

“—With such a fighting style, you’ll die.”

“...Huh?”

“You underestimated me.

Did you think I didn’t realise?”

“...”

She saw through me.

I have no words to reply.

As I sunk into silence, Moria-san grinned at me.

“Well, it happens a lot.

Moria-san said, and pulled her face back.

At the same time, she pat my back.

“Sometimes it happens.

A novice adventurer suddenly draws upon a jackpot because of good fortune

or their own talents.

When that happens, whether they try to keep it in mind or not, arrogance slips into the depths of their heart.

They think ‘What, you’re only at this level?’”

Everyone else also gathers around me and Moria-san.

“And, while they are unaware, they will be controlled by their pride and undertake a request that doesn’t fit their stature—and then the next time they will draw a joker.”

“Drawing a joker after hitting a jackpot... It’s a famous story between adventurers.”

This was said by the scarred man—no, wait, Andrew-san.

“Hey, hey, 《Baby Scarlet》.

You lost, even though I went and bet on you.”

Then his companions started picking a quarrel with Andrew-san as he said such a thing to me.

“You always target the dark horse, Andrew.

As if there’s a kid who can win against Scarlet.

As promised, you’ll treat us to a drink.”

Mr. Andrew, who says so to me, becomes entangled with his companions.

“Tch, can’t be helped.

But it was pretty close, wasn't it.

If they fought ten times, this brat would take a few of them, wouldn't he?"

"Fufu, what a sore loser, Andrew.

A loss is a loss."

"What did you say! You bastard!"

Andrew-san returned to the bar whilst chatting with his companions.

After watching them off with a wry smile, Moria-san turns back to me and says,

"—To be honest, Julia asked me to do this."

"Moria-san shrugged her shoulders while saying that.

"Eh? Mum did?"

"That's right. She said 'Our Edgar-kun is always drawing jackpots all the time, so I think he will eventually draw a joker.'"

As expected of a former partner, Moria-san's imitation was rather accurate.

"So, am I being chastised?"

"That's how it is.

However, that was close.

I thought I would show you how it is in reality, but I was almost done for at that rate...

What a wild child, good grief."

"That's right! Even I have never won against him!"

Miguel says boastfully for some reason.

"But, it's strange.

As I see it, I think that there were times where it seemed that Edgar could beat Mum?

I wondered if he was going easy you, but it seems to be different. "

"Ah, I was bothered about that too.

Pride... It looks like that's not all there is.

To begin with, unlike our Miguel, Edgar is the cautious type.

Just because he won against a somewhat strong opponent, doesn't mean he will immediately get carried away.

Well, pride is something that will slip in somehow anyway, so it's good to regularly fight against someone stronger to grasp your strengths."

Miguel and Moria-san tilt their heads in sync.

As expected of parent and child, even their gestures were similar.

There, Hoffman-san who was silent until now (although he's almost always silent) opens his mouth.

“He was certainly strong... but I saw some hesitation.”

“—Hesitation?”

When I asked in response, Hoffman-san nodded.

“To fight is to hurt one’s opponent.

Edgar was thinking that he didn’t want to hurt his opponent... I think.”

“That is...”

The first time I fought was, not including the slasher from my previous life, the fight against at Ranzrack Fortress.

I was able to fight without hesitation, which surprised even me.

To defeat the enemy—No, to kill the enemy, I didn’t feel any resistance against it.

That’s wrong, huh. There was resistance, but I had even more resolve.

In order to protect, I had to fight.

But—I see.

“Oh, do you happen to know something?”

“Yeah... I just thought of it.”

“Hmm... With that appearance, it doesn’t look like you’re going to talk to me

about it.”

“...Sorry.”

“It’s fine.

It is important to consult with someone when you are troubled, but you won’t function as an adventurer if you have to consult someone about everything.

Becoming independent and facing your own heart, that’s necessary if you want to become stronger.”

Moria-san said, but,

“How reserved.

Even though you gave everyone advice in <Yatagarasu&t;, you are keeping everything to yourself?”

Miguel says like that.

Certainly, there is some truth in what Miguel said.

“...My bad.

It’s an issue I’d like to try thinking about by myself.

Let’s take on a request together with everyone when that’s settled.”

“Oh, sounds good!

We, the children’s group—No, if everyone in the former children’s group are together, we will not lose to most people!

After all, even the firedrake turned tail and ran away!”

I make a sardonic smile at Miguel who was talking glibly.

I parted with parent-and-child Moria-san and Miguel, who seem to have some errand to run or something.

When I casually asked Miguel “Where are you going?” as we were parting, he answered, “W-we’re going to buy something” with a startled look.

Was he going to buy something suspicious?

I think it’s still a little early for him to hit puberty, but...

Well if he was hitting puberty, then he was hitting puberty, although his mother wearing a bright red bikini armour might be a little tough on him. She’s a beauty though.

Thus came the no good thought.

Chapter 65: Gun and Dagger

—*Evening.*

I stood atop the bell tower located on the outskirts of Fauno City.

Dusk was gradually falling over town. Following the setting of the sun, one's eyes would fall in the direction of the Crow's Nest.

“...Melby, can you take that out?”

“You always say ‘that’, don’t you.

Then again, me understanding it is also something, I suppose...”

Melby grumbles, but still retrieves ‘that’ from her dimension storage.

It was a gun.

I had assembled the gun components found in the historic remains inside the Crow's Nest—in Mr Heydrich's living room—and succeeded in reconstructing a gun.

Even though I wasn't all that well-acquainted with military affairs in my previous life, this gun took on a form that even I knew of.

If I remember correctly, its name is—Walther P38.

The German gun that was famous for being the favourite of the third generation phantom thief from a certain anime.

“It utilises the explosive power of gunpowder to send lead flying at a high speed... hmm.

It's quite the horrific instrument.”

Melby said, her body shuddering at the thought.

“If you're talking about a tool for killing people, then aren't swords the same?”

“Yes, but... to make such a complex contraption, it makes me realise that people really do like killing people.

When I imagine how many people racked their brains and concentrated their ingenuity together in order to construct this, it makes me sick.”

“If it's about killing people efficiently, there aren't that many people who can

match Mr Heydrich.

The country that Mr Heydrich was affiliated with thought certain people to be demonic and sought to exterminate them.”

“I heard you talk about this before, but it’s a startling tale.”

“That isn’t just a tale about other people, Melby.

It seems Mr Heydrich was the perpetrator behind the internal strife in Sonoraat.”

While talking with Melby, I inspected the gun I was holding.

Through Father Solow’s [Oracle], I learnt that I had the aptitude for wielding guns.

There was no method I wouldn’t use.

This gun was a copy of something from World War II so it seemed very antiquated to a modern person like me, but on the other hand, it could also be said to be a gun that had proven itself time and time again in actual combat. It had more than enough of a track record in regards to being combat proven.

Some of the bullets collected from Mr Heydrich’s living room had had the [Condition Stasis] skill cast on them by Mr Heydrich.

I had previously tried pulling the trigger in the underground space made inside the Nest, using [Psychokinesis] in case there was an accidental gun discharge, and discovered that the gun was functioning without a problem.

I had prepared this Walther as a final trump card against Gazaine, but I didn’t want to use it if possible.

The biggest reason for this was because I didn’t want to show this weapon called a gun in front of the crowd of emissaries, but there were other reasons too.

—To put it simply, I didn’t want to use it.

It seemed like I would be dragged into the “evil of being weak” that the consummate villain Mr Heydrich was guilty of, so I felt great reluctance to even take hold of this gun itself.

However.

If it was about killing people, I was the same.

Even after coming to Marquekt, I came to kill “enemies” without feeling many pangs from my conscience.

Since I might be killed if I didn’t kill, I didn’t feel any regret about that.

I didn’t, but—consider the slasher named Kizaki Tooru.

Why did he become a lust murderer despite being called a genius surgeon? I couldn’t understand his perverted emotions, but there are some things I could imagine.

Just what was a life where you obtained everything you wanted? All in all, I feel like it would be a monotonous life with no excitement.

My previous life was, quite frankly, dull.

It’s not like I had a great salary, nor did I have a pretty girlfriend. I wasn’t hindered by my job, but I didn’t really get along with my co-workers at the company.

My hobby was playing fighting games at the game centre.

My usual game centre was a famous place where challengers would gather no matter the region, but I was somehow competent enough to have more wins than losses even among them.

However, I couldn’t win enough to truly be called a pro player like those who won championships in overseas tournaments and had sponsors.

Of course, I could find points to improve on even if I couldn’t win so it was still enjoyable, but it’s not like I was strong enough to be throwing my weight around.

That said, I didn’t have any major complaints about such a life. Instead, I had plenty of minor insecurities.

I had reached 30 years of age with neither a lover, nor did I have many acquaintances outside of work.

Because I lost my parents early, I didn’t have anyone to call family.

And because of the depression, my salary didn’t rise by much, nor was there much hope for a promotion.

No, the company’s business model had started to become outdated since the beginning, so a personnel cut was likely to have come.

Even for the fighting games I played for fun, it might have become harder for me to go to game centres as I grew even older, when I turned 35 or 40.

These sorts of things—— I had worries, as everyone would have one or two of them, and there was no hope of these worries ever disappearing no matter how much time passed.

——Half-dead.

I think that word is appropriate to describe my condition back then. There were also times when I thought I would rather it be either alive or dead. The company withstood the depression while slowly withdrawing, and I myself also lived every day as it came, with no lovers and few friends. As I wondered how long this manner of low-altitude flying would continue for, I felt an unavoidable oppression accompanying the security of not dying.

Fighting games were the shining beacon within those grey days, with their distinct wins and losses after moments of attacking and defending. It was only when I was playing those games that my consciousness became clearer than usual.

I could clearly sense the “intent” behind my opponent’s every move clearly, and I was able to send a clear “response” back to them.

I relished in this battle where 1F (frame) would change every 1/60th of a second with my entire being, and was able to immerse myself in the pursuit of victory that came afterwards.

Countless struggles to the death unfolded on this ruthless battlefield where the extreme result known as victory or defeat was thrust upon us.

And then, I thought this:

‘——Ah, I’m living the life.’

I wonder if Kizaki Tooru, who possessed just about everything, was familiar with this feeling?

I’m sure he wasn’t.

This is because despite living in a proper environment where he was satisfied both physically and mentally, Kizaki became enthralled in the study of demons, eventually coming into contact with the Evil God.

As for me, I felt unsatisfied with this superficial reality and sought the virtual “battles” known as fighting games.

I think satisfying myself with the virtual world when I couldn’t be satisfied in the real world couldn’t be considered bad.

That's the way people are, more or less.

Fighting in games was more fun than fighting in reality, and you could make friends with your opponents.

There were no downsides.

As it is, I think I was able to satisfy myself in this life that only consisted of work and gaming.

However, my body moved right away during that random slasher incident. Was that because I wanted a strange situation like that to occur in some respect?

There are parts of me that think that way.

I felt stifled in Japan, where my life was never in any real danger regardless of the path I took, and so I possessed a strange yearning for a fight where my life was at stake, didn't I?

Such thoughts have been endlessly flooding my mind ever since I escaped from <Yatagarasu>.

Such being the case, how big was the difference between, on one side, he who had been exhausted of the never-ending "grey" and eventually became a street slasher, and on the other side, the police that had been constantly lying in wait in order to arrest that slasher?

I can't say for certain whether this was the same mentality I had had back when I discovered an "enemy" I needed to defeat at Ranzrack Fortress.

Gazaine said that I was similar to him.

I think what he said hadn't been a lie.

I personally agreed, and was happy that Gazaine told me that—happy that someone understood me.

In my previous life, the only time I felt that way was when I was earnestly playing bouts at the game centre, but the feeling of someone understanding me from the bottom of their heart definitely existed at that moment.

So when I was recognised by Gazaine and he invited me to become his comrade, I was delighted enough that it seemed like could end up agreeing.

However, Gazaine was a murderer.

In addition to that, he was an assassin who killed people he didn't even bear any grudges against, just for the sake of money and his ambitions.

Unsatisfied with just killing by himself, he also became the founder of a heretic organisation that kidnapped and brainwashed innocent children, raising them as assassins.

He was an extraordinary villain who had once carelessly remarked that he only felt alive when slaughtering and spreading enmity.

I unsheathed the knife that was hanging at my waist and used [Appraisal].

《Dagger of Mana Dispersal: A dagger that possesses the ability to disperse mana by slashing. Ancient relic. Disperses up to 50MP of mana. Made by shaving down the fang of a Light Dragon and coating it with Mithril.》

It was the dagger that Gazaine had carried.

It seemed to be a worthy blade.

By 50MP, it meant that it could disperse most of the spells that would be used against individuals.

I *wielded* this dagger without hesitation.

It's strange.

Even though I feel some aversion to the gun that was Mr Heydrich's legacy, I don't feel much aversion to the dagger relinquished by Gazaine.

I felt averse at this lack of aversion.

If I decide to use what I am able to use regardless their previous owners, then I should use both weapons.

On the other hand, if I'm particular about their previous owners, then I shouldn't use either.

Gun and dagger.

Why was there such a difference between these two?

“...Somehow I feel like I can't fully conclude that Gazaine was evil.

Mr Heydrich was evil.

Even if he was weak, evil is evil.

However, Gazaine was strong.

He was a villain, but he had charisma.

Frankly, instead of forming <Yatagarasu>, becoming the boss of bandits or the leader of a mercenary troop... If he so wished, even becoming the head of an army of shock troops seems like it would've gone more smoothly.

I even feel a strange sense of pride for inheriting the dagger and techniques of such a man.

It's very disturbing."

I grumble as I gaze at the polychromatic blade crest on the dagger as it shone.

Melby tilted her head at my words.

"Hmm... I don't really get it, but are you really that worried about it? Gazaine was a charming villain, and those combat techniques were out of the ordinary.

Use what you learned in gratitude... I don't think it's something to be discarded."

"That might be so, but more than that, I'm scared.

What I am doing, is it really correct?

Sticking to my own principles sounds good, but there are also cases like Gazaine's.

I'm afraid that I will end up enjoying fighting——enjoy battles to the death in some respect..."

I think my lacklustre moves in that mock fight with Moria-san earlier were also because of that hesitation.

"Edgar is doing well, you know?

Protecting those you ought to protect, defeating those you ought to defeat. Of course, the bad guys would have their own circumstances, and you might not be a perfect ally of justice, but... that's the same for everyone, isn't it? Being happy about winning a fight as well, everyone is like that."

"That... I see."

"You understand Mr Heydrich's feelings. You understand Gazaine's feelings. You understand that slasher's feelings.

It certainly might be disturbing, but that alone isn't necessarily a bad thing. It wouldn't be good if you were to be guilty of the same things as them, but since you're confronting them and trying to bring them down, understanding can even be more useful than not understanding.

On top of understanding them, it's just a matter of trying not to become like them, no?"

“...But, the fact that I understand them means that I have such elements inside of me...”

“Maybe.

But on the other hand, there’s no reason to be an unreliable ‘Ally of Justice’ who doesn’t care about the feelings of those bad guys.

People like that will inevitably make a mistake someday.

No, they may even have made a mistake already.

Because they would have averted their eyes to the dark parts of humans that people would want to overlook.”

I could see that those who fuss over their own justice are the most dangerous from looking at the first half of Mr Heydrich’s life.

“Furthermore, being able to understand the feelings of those guys, Edgar, is thanks to your life experiences thus far.

It was because of that power of understanding that you were able to save those people who had been brainwashed by <Yatagarasu>, you know?

Shady parts inside of you? Of course they exist.

And yet you’re able to look at them seriously without being captivated by them. Be confident, Edgar.”

“....I see. That’s right.”

Thanks to Melby’s words, I became a lot more at ease.

“—And, what are you going to do with those?”

As she said that, Melby pointed to the gun and dagger I was holding in my hands.

“The gun, I’m going to disassemble and use as a reference to make one from scratch.

If I leave it as it is now, I’m sure to feel unsettled, and I want a skill related to the machine production class for making an automated device for the Separation Barrier, so this will be practice for that.

The dagger, I will use as is. When I think about it, it’s something that Gazaine originally acquired from someone else anyway, so it’s not like I was really concerned about it.”

“So, you came up with a rather rational conclusion to your worries, didn’t you?”

“It seems that rather than be strangely fixated on it, this is better.”

“I see.”

After descending the bell tower, I make my way back home. Melby stopped me when we had only just returned from the Fairy Hamlet earlier. This time, however, she didn’t say a word. I arrived back at the Chrebl estate which was roughly 20 minutes from the bell tower.

With the impressions from my past life, I originally felt rather unaccustomed to the fact that such a splendid estate was my home, but after these two weeks, I’ve finally stopped paying attention to the disparity for the first time.

I call out with an “I’m home~” as I open the door to the foyer. However, I couldn’t hear any replies from inside.

“...Huh?”

As I was frowning, Melby spoke.

“It’s already dinner time.
Perhaps they’re in the dining room?”

She then fluttered over towards the dining room. Stopping right before the door, she turns back in my direction.

“So, shall we enter?”

Melby then moved to open the door.

“—Wait, Melby.”

I said, lowering my voice.

At the same time, I face the dining room and use [Sense Presence].

Strange. Although there are definitely humans presences inside, they’re keeping completely silent.

*“Melby. I will burst in through the door.
Please take care of the follow-up in case of an emergency.”*

Switching to [Telepathic Communication], I said to Melby.

“W-what!? I-I understand...”

Feeling suspicious of Melby who was stuttering questionably, I mentally picture a few spells to cast for an indoor battle as I unsheathe Gazaine's dagger. In a situation like this, this dagger is handy.

Because I can deal with both physical and magical attacks with a single weapon.

“Let's go, Melby.”

“O-okay...”

The moment I opened the door—several explosive noises sounded from inside the room!

Chapter 66: HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

“——Happy Birthday!”

Ba-ba-ba-bang!

“...Eh?”

Among the multi-coloured confetti (?) that was falling down like rain, I let out a stupefied cry.

I try to catch the confetti (?) that was fluttering down in front of my eyes.

From the texture, it seemed to be not paper, but cloth.

Coinciding with the bursting sounds, it was what flew out from the bamboo pipe-like objects that everyone had been aiming at me.

“Ufufu, those are the crackers I made. Surprised you, didn’t they?

I added Ususake Mushroom powder and scraps of multi-coloured cloth to the inside of the bamboo pipes, and inserted a string to pull on from a hole opened at the bottom.”

Donna stepped out from amidst the group and said.

“Y-yeah... I was surprised.

So something like crackers exist in this world too.”

In my daze, I responded with a shift in the topic.

I looked away from Donna who tilted her head in puzzlement as though to ask “this world?” and surveyed the inside of the dining room.

There was Alfred-tousan, Julia-kaasan, Chester-niisan, Elemia, Donna, Miguel, Beck, and Moria-san, even Hoffman-san and Grandpa Ganash were there too; each one of them was holding a ‘cracker’ in their hand and wore pleased expressions for succeeding with their prank.

Then, late as it was, I remember the congratulatory words they had said when I entered the room.

“I-I see....

Today’s my birthday!”

With that remark, everyone but me all stumbled.

“I had wondered if you might not have noticed, but to think you that seriously forgot.”

Miguel said in astonishment.

“I wondered what to do when Miguel let things slip earlier, but it went well.”

Said Moria-san.

“Moria too, you sort of let it slip during the adventurer registration....

There are no age limits for being an adventurer.... When that topic got brought up, it gave me a chill.”

Hoffman-san added.

“So Julia-kaasan telling me not to return because of guests, and Alfred-tousan saying not to be too late was also....”

“That’s right. To keep you away from the house in a casual manner was really hard.”

“That said, the party wouldn’t have started even if you returned too late.”

Julia-kaasan and Alfred-tousan replied.

“So Melby acting suspiciously now and then was also because of this.”

“Uu... But I couldn’t help it!
I’m unable to tell any lies!”

Melby said, pouting.

“Wait a moment. I’ll call everyone from the Fairy Hamlet over.”

Saying that, Melby creates a gate, and goes inside to call the fairies.

“—Anyway, happy birthday Edgar.”

Alfred-tousan says to me as a representative of the group.

“Mn... Thank you.”

“With this, Edgar-kun is finally one year old.”

Julia-kaasan says while smiling.

~~~~~Eh!~~~~~

Several of the people in the room cried out in shock.  
Elezia, Donna, Miguel, Beck, Hoffman-san, and Grandpa Ganash... I guess.  
I had told the former members of the children's group, but did they not believe me?

"Yes. Today I, Edgar Chrebl, have turned one year old!  
Everyone, I will continue to be in your care from now as well."

Saying that, I give a quick bow of my head.

"I did think he was absurd but... I never thought it was this absurd."

Elezia grumbled.

"I always thought it was surely a joke..."

Donna muttered.

"Geh! Seriously! I keep losing to a one-year-old baby!"

Miguel ranted in indignation.

"Yeah, well, I did think Oro... no, Edgar could be like that too though..."

Beck nodded in resignation.

Moria-san apparently heard from Julia-kaasan, but Hoffman-san seems to be hearing this for the first time and fixes a firm gaze on my face, while Grandpa Ganash stares intently at me with a "hmm....".

Then, the fairy twins Cecil and Cecila came flying out of the gate.

"Congrats~!" "Congratulations!"

They shouted as they hugged me.  
Behind them, the other fairies appeared in a bustle, and began to sing and dance.

"...Could this be the reason why Cecil and Cecila didn't come to bother me when I went to the Fairy Hamlet earlier by any chance?"

"That's right. Congratulations, Edgar."

That was the reply Melby gave me when I asked her after she returned from

bringing the fairies with her.

If I associated with the fairies who couldn't lie, everything could have been exposed in an instant.

Everyone came up to send me their congratulatory words in turn.

Then, I somehow received presents from everyone.

Alfred-tousan said,

"Because we'll be heading to the royal capital after this,"

and presented me with an expensive-looking embroidered jacket.  
I immediately put it on.

The sleeves might be a little long, but I'll probably grow into it soon if it's just this much.

"How nice, Edgar.

Even though I received hand-me-downs from Belhart-niisan back then."

Chester-niisan commented.

"It's because Belhart, Chester, and David are close in age.  
Edgar has such an age difference, so wouldn't your old jackets be outdated now?"

"Well, I guess it can't be helped.  
It's a secret, but Edgar has produced feats of arms even at this age.  
...And for that reason, this is from me.  
I'm sorry that it isn't wrapped though."

What Chester-niisan gave me as he said that was a smallish bow.

"It's a small bow for practising.  
Though I say that, it's a good product itself, so you should be able to use it even in actual combat."

Since he said that, I try using [Appraisal] on it.

《Small Practice Bow: A bow produced by Chester Chrebl using weak spiritual wood as the core, combined with the bones and tendons of a wyvern. Easy for beginners to draw, and tuned so that it is easy to stabilise one's aim.》

No, this isn't at the level of something used just for practice. This is just what I've surmised from talking to him lately, but if I had to say, Chester-niisan is a taciturn person and is very modest about his own capabilities.

"Thank you. I'll use it well."

"...Mn."

Chester-niisan nodded happily.

It was a gentle smile that would have triggered my protective instincts if I were a girl of marriageable age.

"Next is from Mum and me!  
Here, take it!"

Saying that, Miguel handed me a small shield.  
[Appraisal].

《Small Tortoise Shield: A shield fashioned from the carapace of a Grand Tortoise. In addition to being resilient against slashes and thrusts, it can also repel weak spells.》

"This is?"

"The other day, I defeated a beast called a Grand Tortoise together with Mum.

Because I heard that the shells of that tortoise make good shields, I had it made."

"Is it alright? Isn't it a valuable material?"

"It's fine. I only use my gauntlets to hit with, and Mum has her dual swords. We don't have any chance to use something like shields."

"I see. Thanks."

I try equipping the shield onto my left arm.  
It's at a perfect size and won't hinder my movements.  
It seems like I'll be able to draw the bow that Chester-niisan gave me even with it equipped.

"T-this is from me!"

It's also from Grandpa though."

Donna and Grandpa Ganash gave me a druggist's mortar and pharmaceutical codex.

"Donna and I will be leaving here soon.

Everything you would need to know from here on has all been compiled there. Once you've learned everything in there, then you'd be able to call yourself my disciple."

"E-even though I've yet to reach that point..."

Donna muttered, her doggy ears drooping down.

"Thank you, Donna, Grandpa Ganash."

Next to appear were the duo with the position of tank: Beck and Hoffmansan.

"F-from me is this talisman."

Beck said, holding an approximately five-centimetre-tall doll that appears to have been made with [Carving].

...This, could this possibly be me?

"I charged it with the power of [Safeguard], it's a scapegoat doll. When you imbue it with thought, it can invoke an invincible state in the same way as [Safeguard] does, just for a moment.

...Really, it's only for a moment, but I think Edgar-kun will be able to put it to good use."

"Invincible, you say... Beck, you made such an incredible thing. You could make a fortune with just this."

"It takes a lot of time to make it.

Weak spiritual wood at the least, or matured spiritual wood if possible, needs to be carried for about half a year, whilst distributing the power of [Safeguard]. It takes a lot of effort to cut the spiritual wood with the power of [Safeguard] dwelling within it, but you can't cut it first and then charge it with power, so it has to be cut after being imbued."

"It took so much labour... Thank you, Beck."

Beck scratched the back of his head as he said,

“No, it’s the least I can do when I think of how much you’ve done for me, Edgar-kun

P-putting that aside, what about Hoffman-san!

Look, see that large cake over there, Hoffman-san made it!”

“Eh! That huge thing!”

In the centre of the estate’s dining hall-turned-party venue was a large two-tiered cake.

To think that it was made by Hoffman-san....

I picture Hoffman-san, a close to two-metre-tall man with a large frame, stooping over while making confectionary.

Yup, it’s kind of charming.

“Making confectionaries is... my hobby.

Or I should say, to display my talents with all my heart... was fun.”

Hoffman-san murmured as he gazed fondly at it.

It looks like he’s feeling embarrassed.

“Thank you very much, Hoffman-san.

It might be strange for me to say it, but Beck is someone with spirit, so please discipline him relentlessly.”

Hoffman-san responded to my thanks with a “Oh!”

Then, Elemia approached timidly.

With her eyes cast downwards, Elemia says,

“I don’t have anything I can give you at the moment... that...”

“No, it’s fine. It hasn’t been long since we escaped from the Nest, after all...”

“T-that’s not it!

Here! I only have this, so.... t-take it!”

Saying that, what Elemia thrust towards me was—her pan flute, which consisted of metal pipes tied together.

In the Crow’s Nest, Elemia often played this flute at night.

“...Is it alright? Wasn’t this very important to you...”

“I-it’s fine. It’s because it’s something important that... I-I want someone important to have it.”

“I-I see...”

I turn my gaze away from Elemia who spoke with a blush, as even I was starting to get embarrassed.

The other people in the room observed the situation with smirks on their faces.

“...Edgar-kun.”

“Wh-what?”

“...I have something important to talk to you about later.  
Do you mind making some time for me?”

“Okay, I understand.

How about after this party?”

“Please.”

Saying that, Elemia retreated to a corner of the room.

“This is from me.”

Finally, Julia-kaasan, who had been waiting for an opportunity, handed over what she had been hiding behind her back.

This is—

“...A wand?”

White, black, and ivory-coloured organic materials were entwined together to form a short wand approximately fifty centimetres in length.

Affixed on the end of the wand were three crystal-like objects, one silver, one black, and one milky-white.

From a glance, it gives off the impression of a sharp blade, but the [Mana Detection] skill informed me of the vast amount of mana imbued inside this wand.

“That’s right.

When we were searching for <Yatagarasu>’s hideout and couldn’t find it, I was so vexed that I shot down every single wyvern with magic...”

What are you doing, Mum.

Everyone but me started backing away.

“This wand appeared from the stomachs of one of those wyverns.”

Whilst my secret plot was unfolding within <Yatagarasu>, it seemed a lot happened on Mum’s side as well.

It looks like the ancient relic known as a Composite Rod, but I can’t determine the attributes of the magic crystals attached to the tip. I tried all of the spells that I can use but it was no use.

However, it conceals a great deal of mana within so selling it would be a waste...”

Huh... I wonder what kind of magic gems they are?

I’d like to study it... or so I thought for a second, but I have this handy skill. [Appraisal].

《Composite Rod of Extremities: Ancient relic. A wand composed of several materials. Utilised materials are Unicorn Horn, Dark Dragon Fang, Millennium Mistletoe. The three magic crystals contain the mana of [Dimension Magic], [Void Magic], and [Illusion Magic] respectively. ▽》

Hm? There is a cursor-like thing at the end of the [Appraisal] result.

When I focus my attention on the ▽, the window displaying the [Appraisal] result expands.

《Even in the ancient times, embedding multiple magic crystals on a single wand was something that could only be done by top-rate magical engineers. However, in those times, the three magic crystals embedded on this wand were also known as “magic crystals of extremities”, and are magic crystals filled with the mana of rare and extremely hard to handle magic systems. There was no one able to use them naturally. This is a composite rod that was to be used as a ceremonial wand after a person in power at that time expended a vast budget and valuable materials to make it, with the purpose of showing off their ability to employ excellent magical engineers. Furthermore, the manufacturing method of the composite rod itself has been lost in the present day. 》

Hmm... despite being extremely valuable, a subtle impression of bad luck hangs in the air.

“...It says the attributes are [Dimension Magic], [Void Magic], and [Illusion Magic].”

[Dimension Magic] was used by Melby, [Illusion Magic] by Gazaine, but I have yet to witness [Void Magic].

It just so happens that I've been wanting to research [Dimension Magic], and if I'm able to acquire Gazaine's [Illusion Magic] then I'd like to acquire it. These magic crystals of extremities, aren't they a godsend to me instead?

“[Void Magic] is a legendary skill that only dark-attributed mages with a high aptitude for [Dark Magic] have an extremely rare chance of acquiring. It annihilates all matter and substances without question or something...”

Julia-kaasan explained.

Or rather, I've already heard about the subject before.

The same thing was written in the『Abaddon Magic Compilation』, so I suppose that was Mum's source of information.

“Thanks, Mum.

I'll take good care of it.”

“Mn. I don't use a wand so I couldn't teach you much about it, but Edgar-kun can do anything so you should be fine.”

“...Speaking of that, why doesn't Mum use a wand?”

“Hmm, it's the same whether or not I have a single-cored wand, since I'm clumsy with reconstructed wands.”

“Single-cored? Reconstructed wands?”

“A single-cored wand is a wand that is made by processing wood that channels magic easily, or a monster's bone or horn and such. Since the process is simple, the effects are limited to making it easier to concentrate mana and such.”

“...Just saying, but isn't that 'making it easier to concentrate mana' pretty important for a regular mage? Julia being able to use magic without a wand is due to her gift of having an extraordinary sense for magic.”

Moria added.

“Reconstructed wands are wands that try to reproduce the ancient relic, Composite Rods, using modern technology, but... how should I put it, they have a strong peculiarity, or rather, they’re not very accommodating, and they don’t allow for fine mana usage.

I taught Edgar-kun about how ト (flame) differs between 《Flame Lance》 and 《Flame Bit》, right?

Fine adjustments like that aren’t possible, so the range of useable spells shrinks if I use a reconstructed wand.”

“Just saying, once again, but the mana concentration and preservation effects of a reconstructed wand are a considerable benefit to regular mages.

Julia, who can just continuously fire spells empty-handed, is the strange one. Or I should say, stuff like the different emissions of ト (flame).... Just what kind of high-class techniques have you been teaching a child who hasn’t even turned one year old?”

“Eh~? But it’s important, you know?

I believe that it’s my lifeline, the lifeline of mages.

It’s true that the number of mages that can do that properly are few enough to count though...”

“Oi! I’ve always been thinking that magic itself is hard, and yet it turns out that Mum’s way of teaching was just at an abnormally high level!

“...You, what kind of monster are you intending to make your son into.”

“Eeh~? But Edgar-kun was able to learn it properly.”

“On top of that, he’s irregular and can even fight with weapons...”

Moria-san shrugged, as though to imply that there was nothing she could do about it.

“...But Edgar.

Just which of those do you intend to treat as your main in combat?”

Moria-san asked with a serious expression.

I once again look at the presents I was holding in my arms.

There was the small practice bow from Chester-niisan, the small shield from

Miguel and Moria-san, and the set of pharmaceutical kit from Donna and Grandpa Ganash; Mum gave me a wand, and Dad gave me a jacket.

“The spells directly transmitted from Julia alone would be most likely, but you’re also going to train with the bow you got from Chester, right? You were trained in [Assassination Techniques] in <Yatagarasu>, and you also have the [Flying Sword Techniques] and such you revealed in the fight against me. Your throwing-class skills have already reached a considerable level. You’re also the disciple of Ganash, who is known as the 《Medicine Saint》, and I suppose you’re intending to learn the spear from Alfred someday too? No matter how much of a genius you are, there is a finite amount of time granted to humans. You cannot possibly engage in all of them to the end.”

Certainly, Moria-san brought up a sound argument. The matter of [No Fatigue] has been kept to our family as of now, so Moria-san is unaware of it. But even if I have [No Fatigue], the fact that there are only 24 hours in a day doesn’t change. ...Furthermore, I’m not really a genius, I simply have an easier time with putting in effort than others do.

“That’s true... No matter how many different skills I am able to learn, I’m sure to hit a bottleneck at some point if I don’t have something to act as the focal point.”

It seems like I’ll end up becoming the so-called Jack of all trades, master of none.

“However, the issue at hand is that it’s not just me.”

I said, looking around at everyone once more.

“I thought of this during this <Yatagarasu> case. There is a limit even if I alone become stronger. No matter how strong I am, there won’t be any meaning in it if someone strikes with drugs and takes hostages like they did this time. —That’s why I’d like to propose something to everyone here today.”

Everyone looked at me with dumbfounded expressions.

After I had attracted everyone's undivided attention, I spoke.

“——Here, I propose we hold a ‘Chrebl Household Fortification Conference’!”

# Chapter 67: Chrebl Household Fortification

## Conference A.K.A. Edvice (1)

“——Chrebl Household”

“Fortification...”

“Conference?”

Chester-niisan, Alfred-tousan, and Julia-kaasan all repeated in confusion.

“Yup. This time I was abducted by <Yatagarasu> without opposing them so it ended up with nobody getting hurt, but to put it bluntly, we were just lucky. So that this kind of thing doesn’t happen in the future, I think it’s important for everyone to hone themselves, not just me.”

“That’s true but... we won’t get stronger that quickly, right?”

Said Alfred-tousan.

“I don’t think that’s the case though?

Calling it ‘stronger’ might be a little misleading, but if you can acquire some skills to cover a few blind spots, I think it would make quite a difference.

——Dad, how many skills do you think I have right now?”

“If I remember correctly, there were twenty-six when Father Solow showed us it, wasn’t there?

Even that was plenty numerous, but you should have learnt some in <Yatagarasu> so... about thirty?”

“T-Thirty!?”

Moria-san cried out in astonishment.

Speechless, Hoffman-san also opened his eyes wide.

“No, it’s still too early to be surprised.

It depends on how you count it, but generally speaking, I reached seventy-one at one point.”

“Seventy....!”

Moria-san was also at a loss for words.

The other members present—Julia-kaasan, Chester-niisan, Elemia, Donna, Miguel, Beck, and Grandpa Ganash all stared in wonder.

The only one not surprised was Melby.

“And so, I can provide advice on tricks for acquiring the skills I possess.”

“Seventy-one, huh... Even though top-rate adventurers and knights are limited to just over twenty, in this one year—no, in this half a year, he acquired more than three times that many skills.”

Alfred-tousan said in amazement.

“If he possesses that many skills, he’d surely be able to provide advice for the skills we might require.

Yeah, it’s a welcome proposal, Ed.”

“Then, without delay—”

Having earned Dad’s approval, I thought to start the conference at once but,

“W-wait a moment!

We aren’t members of the Chrebl household.

I appreciate the fact that you trust us, but skills aren’t something to carelessly talk to outsiders about!”

Moria-san said, calling a halt to things.

“...I want Moria-san, Elemia, and the others to get stronger too though...”

“That’s a charming proposition, but your family takes precedence. Furthermore, if our consultations are to be included as well, then everyone should talk to you one-on-one.”

I feel like Moria-san makes a fair point.

“Hmm.... then what to do?”

“In this case, we could prepare a different room. Everyone can leave the party one at a time and Ed can interview us.

...Well, I do question the part where Ed won’t be here despite it being his birthday party though.”

“I guess that’s all we can do...”

And so, the Chrebl Fortification Conference was suspended, and it quickly changed to me conducting individual interviews.



We decided to use the parlour as the interview location.  
The first interviewee was Alfred-tousan.

“May I use [Appraisal] on you?”

After tentatively asking in advance, I used [Appraisal].

《 Alfred Chrebl (Viscount | Santamana Kingdom Third Army Commander |  
《Castle Destroyer》)

39 Years Old

Half Elf

Level 40

HP 94/94

MP 81/81

Skills

• Master class

[Leadership] 7 (↑ 1)

[Spearmanship] 5

• General

[Command] 9 (MAX)

[Spear Techniques] 9 (MAX)

[Horse Riding Techniques] 7 (↑ 1)

[Sword Techniques] 5

[Wind Magic] 4

[Earth Magic] 4

[Bow Techniques] 3

[Unarmed Combat] 3

[Water Magic] 3

[Dagger Techniques] 1

《Attention of the God of War》》

His level hasn't changed since I last used [Appraisal] on him, but his

[Leadership] and [Horse Riding Techniques] skills have risen.

“Do you have any concerns during combat?”

“Some concerns, huh... That’s right, I’m poor at archery, and the levels of my magic skills are low, so I don’t have a strong method of dealing with enemies at long range.”

“You said that you didn’t have much of an aptitude for archery, but what about magic?”

“Ah, I have a relatively high aptitude with wind and water as a focus. It’s just the fire attribute that I have absolutely no aptitude for, and am unable to use it.

I can’t become a mage if I’m no good at [Fire Magic] even if I do have the aptitude for magic, so I came to concentrate on the spear instead.”

“Eh? You can’t become a mage even though you have a high aptitude for wind and water?”

“Oh, you didn’t know?

Whether it be in the army or as adventurers, the attribute in highest demand is [Fire Magic]. That’s because it has powerful offensive spells. At any rate, people can suffer burns just from being toasted by a flame and end up losing the ability to fight.”

“Aren’t there any offensive spells for wind and water?”

“You can’t cause any damage no matter how much water you throw, right? As for wind, you can send opponents flying or stop their movements if your skill level is high enough, and you can extend the flight of an arrow by casting in its direction so it can be used as combat support, but those can’t be considered offensive spells.

Of course, being able to produce water with magic is beneficial for both soldiers and adventurers, and [Wind Magic] is indispensable when fighting monsters that can spit poisonous mist, but raising one’s skill level to two or three is enough if that’s its only purpose.”

Hmm... For water, what comes to mind is magic that shoots out water at high pressure, but [Water Magic] itself isn’t a magic for applying pressure, so it

would probably need to be combined with other magic symbols. The threshold is high because it's necessary to have an invocation with at least two-symbols. No, the people of this world don't know about the concept of "pressure" in the first place.

As a result, [Water Magic] has been reduced to "magic for drinking water".

On the other hand, what came to mind when speaking of [Wind Magic] was razor wind, but I have heard that razor wind is commonly formed from vacuum blades.

Attacking by sweeping up gravel with the wind? It might be effective in its simplicity, but it feels more like a spell used to obstruct the opponent's movements rather than an offensive spell.

In that sense, the [Fire Magic] that could cause damage with even a one-symbol invocation was easy to undertake, as well as superior, as offensive magic.

The emissaries of <Yatagarasu> that Dad drove away before also used [Fire Magic] to attack.

Moreover, I haven't seen any offensive spells that didn't have the fire attribute in this half a year since I awoke in this world now that I think about it.

"But if I do some trial-and-error with the knowledge of my former world as a foundation, I might be able to come up with some good techniques."

"In that case, should I be expectant?

After all, Ed fought the leader of <Black Wolf Fang> using [Telekinesis Magic] which is said to have hardly any purpose."

"...To be honest, I did think of a single thing you could do with both wind and water, but it seems difficult without possessing [Wind Magic] at Master Class at the very least."

"Master Class, huh.

I'll just say this but mages who can use Master Class magic are either imperial court magicians or top-class adventurers."

Dad says in shock.

"But I've already grasped the trick to that.

Incidentally, if I can properly use the [Sorcery] skill I obtained recently, I can

even influence the mana flow inside the body.

If I use this skill, I can directly teach Dad how to control the spell, so it's just a matter of time and practise after that.

—Lend me your hand for a bit.”

I place my hand over the hand Dad held out.

“[Water Magic]—would get us soaked, so try using [Wind Magic].”

“Ah, okay...  $\lambda$  (wind).”

Dad used the hand he hadn't held out to trace the magic symbol and invoke  $\lambda$ . It's not at the level of Mum, but his invocation is rather practiced.

I manipulated the movement of mana for that  $\lambda$ , and changed that  $\lambda$  into a small whirlwind.

Moreover, it wasn't the mana released externally that I was controlling; I directly tampered with the mana that flowed within Dad's body.

It was as though I was causing Dad to use magic, so to speak.

After the whirlwind spun around above our overlapping hands, it quickly vanished.

“...See?”

“T—that was amazing!

And just now it seemed like I was somehow able to grasp the sensation that I haven't been able to grasp for years!

—  $\lambda$  (wind).”

This time, Dad used the magic unassisted.

Just like before, a whirlwind appeared to dance on the palm of Dad's hand.

Surprised, I looked at Dad with [Appraisal].

《Alfred Chrebl. [Wind Magic] 5 (↑ 1).》

Yup, his skill level rose in one shot.

“Dad, your skill level rose.”

“Really!? It didn't increase at all recently, no matter how much I practiced, so I always thought that this was my limit...”

“From what I understood from asking the goddess, apparently simply practicing is no good, it’s important to occasionally change your practice method and increase your ‘understanding’.”

“Hmm... I see.

This is a considerable matter I’m hearing...”

“Anyway, [Spearmanship] is a given, but I’d like you to train your [Water Magic] and [Wind Magic] as well, Dad. If it’s possible, do so until you learn the Master Class [Water Spirit Magic] and [Wind Spirit Magic].”

“It might be possible if Ed helps me.”

“That’s not all, Dad is of Elf descent so I’m sure you’ll be able to acquire [Spirit Magic] as well.

How was your [Aptitude Diagnosis]?”

“Ah, according to Father Solow—”

When I digest Dad’s explanation, it becomes something like the following:

S (Aptitude is very high = natural talent level): Spear, Command  
A (Aptitude is high = adequately blessed level): Water, Wind, Horse Riding, Perception, Spirit  
B (Aptitude is moderately high = dependent on effort level): Earth, Sword, Bow, Close Combat, Reconnaissance  
C (Aptitude exists more or less = impossible to exceed a certain point despite one’s effort): Light, Dark  
Z (No aptitude = skill cannot be acquired): Fire

“It’s true that I have the aptitude for [Spirit Magic] but Elves keep [Spirit Magic] a secret. I don’t have the slightest idea about how to learn it.”

“That’s alright. I also acquired it by learning from Melby.”

“Is that true!?”

“Yeah. ...Although it feels like quite the discipline, or rather, there’s a mentally taxing aspect.

Well, Dad has a high aptitude for it so it should be fine.”

“But why do you endorse [Spirit Magic] so much?”

“There are a few reasons, but on top of the effect of bringing about a magical phenomenon by calling on spirits, you can freely choose the invocation point, unlike when casting a spell by yourself.

Ordinary spells are generally cast close at hand, but with [Spirit Magic], you can cast spells at a distant location by requesting the spirits at that location. Because of that, the invocation takes some time to cast, but that can be shortened with practice.

In addition to that, although this is something that I’ve yet to achieve myself, I’ve heard that spirits can sometimes be helpful and make a move without being requested to for those with high aptitudes.

Using spirits while fighting with the spear, doesn’t that suit you, Dad?”

“Indeed...”

“Since you have the aptitude for perception-related skills, I think learning [Discern] would be good.

It’s a skill that makes dodging the enemy’s attacks easier, so people who use unarmed combat or wield daggers should acquire it, but once you learn it, it can be applied to other weapons as well. If the skill level is raised, then even attacks from behind can be ‘discerned’ so it’s a skill I’d really like anyone acting as a vanguard to learn.”

“That seems very handy.”

“As for other perception skills, [Eavesdropping] I guess, and I’d like you to have [Sense Presence] if possible.

But Dad is predominantly on the defensive side, so it might be better for you to develop your subordinates into the possessors of those skills.

After all, there probably won’t be much leeway if you’re training in both the spear and magic at the same time.”

“I suppose... How should I put it, wind and water are fine, but ten years of training is usually required to just acquire Master Class magic.”

“In regards to magic, I’d also like to obtain a magic-related title. I also taught Julia-kaasan about this, but it’s because it’ll become possible to increase your mana pool by exhausting your MP.”

“Title, you say... that’s not something that can be obtained so easily.”

“As far as it goes, I’ve received the divine blessing of Kannumarne, who governs over titles, so it should be easier for it to stick, but it’s impossible for me alone.

Ah, right, speaking of the gods’ divine blessings...”

“What?”

“Dad has the 《Attention of the God of War》, right. That God of War, Marthrat, was a god known for having a lot of children, so it seems you should have an easier time conceiving children.”

“What did you say!?”

“Apparently it’s hard for you to conceive with Julia-kaasan by nature, but the goddess said that you should be able to since you have the 《Attention of the God of War》.”

When I told him that’s why he should work hard and do his best, his knuckles dropped on my head...

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# Chapter 68: Chrebl Household Fortification

## Conference A.K.A. Edvice (2)

"Next is Julia-kaasan. What are you going to do, Dad?"

"I will return to the dining room. As a host, I feel bad because there's only 1 person from our family there"

Then Dad returned to the dining room and called Julia-kaasan in.

"ufufu. I'm looking forward for your advice. This is so fun"

After asking Mom who came and said such thing, I used【Appraisal】on her.

《Appraisal》

Julia Chrebl (Wife of Viscount Chrebl | Adventurer (A rank) | Witch of Flame Prison | Scorching Flames Burning Mother | Wyvern Slayer)

21 Years Old

Level 52 (↑1)

HP 91/91(↑2)

MP 366/366 (↑96)

Skills

Master Class

【Fire Spirit Magic】8 (↑2)

【Mana\_Control】5 (↑1)

【Uninscribed Invocation】 1 (NEW ! )

【Sense Presence】1 (NEW ! )

General

【Fire\_Magic】9 (MAX)

【Mana\_Perception】7 (↑1)

【Mana\_Manipulation】6 (↑1)

【Simultaneous\_Invocation】6 (↑2)

【Wind\_Magic】5 (↑2)

【Light\_Magic】4 (↑1)

【Water\_Magic】3

【Telekinesis\_Magic】3

【Earth\_Magic】2

【Dagger\_Techniques】2(NEW ! )

【Night\_Vision】2(NEW ! )

【Far\_Sight】2(NEW ! )

《Spirit\_of\_Fire's\_Blessing + 1》(Able to gain the blessing of fire spirits. Effects on Fire Magic : Extended Range | Increased Skill Acquisition | Increased Growth | Increased Cast Speed ) 》

...Did she just became stronger?

"Etto... Did you leveled up?"

"Un. After hunting wyvern, obviously"

That explained her new title 《Wyvern Slayer》.

That's why her level went up.

"And the adventurer title?"

"It's because I went back as adventurer to find Edgar-kun"

"Your maximum MP is increased as well"

"I'm doing the secret MP expansion technique that Edgar-kun taught me every night"

When someone have magic related nickname or blessing from a God used up all their MP, they will faint and their maximum MP increased by 1 point.

"What about 【Uninscribed Invocation】?"

"I learned it by mimicking Edgar-kun"

I reached my general skill 【Simultaneous Invocation】counter stop bonus by memorizing them but Mom somehow memorized them directly.

"There is 【Sense Presence】"

"I got it when I tried to find signs of Yatagarasu."

It was a quite desperate attempt"

I wonder what is the counter stop bonus for 【Keen Hearing】.

Elemia got 【Sense Presence】 without 【Keen Hearing】, it seems that Mom can

do it as well.

As she said herself, she was desperately looking for me.

I thought about recommending her 【Sense Presence】 and 【Uninscribed Invocation】 but she got it herself.

"What is mom's aptitude? Iya, I know you are the best with fire element"

"Fire obviously, but I seem to have a high aptitude for light magic"

On the other hand, no aptitude in darkness.

If I have to say, 【Dark Magic】 is way more useful than 【Light Magic】.

Currently, 【Light Magic】 can only be used as light source.

But when you are the only one who have that kind of skill, it suddenly became important.

On the other hand, like how Elemia did in firedrake nest, 【Dark Magic】 can be used as a cloak to hide or as a smokescreen.

Water, wind, and light magic are still usable... On the other hand 【Earth Magic】 is only considered to dig a hole.

As a result from hearing my mother on her aptitude other than magic, I can conclude.

S: Fire, Light, Mana Manipulation , Mana Perception

A: Wind, Close Combat (dagger, martial arts, etc)

B: Earth, Bow, Perception

C: Water, Reconnaissance, Sword, Spear

Z: Dark

Right... Now I understand why people called Julia-kaasan a genius.

"Mom, how do you fare in close combat?"

"Not that good. Even if I have the aptitude, my magic teacher told me to stay focused on magic"

"What about 【Dagger Techniques】 that you just learnt?"

"This time I learned it from Moria to fight 〈Yatagarasu〉.

Since I just acquire it I didn't plan to use it, but I thought it might be necessary in some cases"

Julia-kaasan truly had her own hardship.

"It seems that I have aptitude for pole and claw weapons but there are few people who use it"

I imagined my mother swinging a staff and ripping her foes with claws... yeah right.

"I don't like swords and spears, they are too delicate for me to handle. I can use perception system to some extent but not too much. I was taught 【Stealth Step】by Moria but in the end I can't remember it at all"

"... In short, you don't like sneaking, prefer face the enemy directly with gargantuan magic, and use simple weapons to fight when you can't use magic"

Julia-kaasan muscle-brain way of life suddenly came up.

"So, any advice?"

Oh right...

"Etto, it seems that you already learned【Uninscribed Invocation】and【Sense Presence】on your own.

Since you have the aptitude, learning【Light Magic】would be nice"

"Ee~ but people make fun of【Light Magic】and called it【Lamp Magic】..."

"Well then, look at this.

For example,  $\cap$  Light  $\cdot$   $\forall$  Reflect —《Mirage》"

I showed her light warping spell that Gazaine used.

"Wa, Edgar"

My mother surprised looking at the air 1 step beside me.  
My mirror image should be visible at that position by light refraction.

"Human eyes capture information using surrounding light, so if you refract light, you can do something like this. It uses the same principle as this mirage. Mom told me that you're not good with reconnaissance but can you do this?"

"I see. So you can use【Light Magic】like this."

"I think the same mindset can be applied to make offensive magic as well  
 $\cap$ \_Light  $\cdot$   $\forall$  Conset —《Laser》"

I took a piece of cloth from my pocket and converge light to make a hole in it. I made a mistake and waved my hand.

"Waa waa, how to do this?"

"I gathered light to create heat. You can do the same thing by collecting sunlight with a lens"

".... What is renzu?"

Are? It seems that this world didn't have lens.

Are there any loop or glasses?

I need to record this information in my heart.

"Since gathering light will create heat, I think it's compatible with **【Fire Magic】**.

In fact, when I saw the Fire Drake's Fire breath, I can see fire spirits and light spirits working together to create a complex compound magic.

Since Mom have high aptitude for fire and light magic, I think she can combine them and create a photothermal wave.

Or rather, would you like to develop it with me?"

"Un! It sounds interesting!"

Julia-kaasan smiled in high spirit.

"Next I want you to learn **【Spirit Magic】** together with Dad and I want you to learn **【Enhancement Magic】** to increase Dad's attack power"

"**【Spirit Magic】** and **【Enhancement Magic】**

Both are very rare skills!"

"**【Spirit Magic】** will be hard, but I think **【Addition Magic】** should be manageable.

Because I can teach Mom by manipulating mana, I think Mom can get it immediately"

Eventually, Melby and I would like to develop something for the barrier but we haven't seen any development prospect yet.

"This will be fun~"

I asked my mother who smiled happily to call my brother Chester.

"Yo, Edgar— I'll be counting on you"

I used **【Appraisal】**on my brother Chester without hesitation.

《Appraisal》

Chester Chrebl (Second Son of Chrebl Siblings | Adventurer (B Rank) | Second Arrow | Harpy Killer)

17 years old

Elf

Level 34

HP 72/72

MP 169/169

Skills

Legendary

**【Visual Enhancement】3**

Master

**【Archery】5**

**【Sense Presence】2**

General

**【Archery】7**

**【Far Sight】7**

**【Wind Magic】5**

**【Water Magic】4**

**【Stealth Step】4**

**【Tool Creation】4**

**【Crossbow Techniques】3**

**【Earth Magic】3**

**【Dagger Techniques】3**

**【Mana Perception】3**

**【Spear Techniques】2**

**【Fire Magic】2**

**【Light Magic】2**

**【Night Vision】2**

**【Mana\_Manipulation】1**

Chester-niisan's status didn't seem to change much since the last time I used **【Appraisal】**on him.

"And your aptitude is?"

"Aptitude? Obviously I'm good with bow, but since I'm an elf it seems that my aptitude for mana perception and perception system are quite high"

From what I hear from him I can conclude the following

S: Bow, Spirit, Perception, Mana Perception

A: Wind, Reconnaissance, Water, Mana Manipulation, Throwing

B: Earth, Light

C: Fire, Spear, Sword, Martial Arts

Z: Dark

I think elves are too blessed.

Iya, other than **【Fire Magic】**and **【Martial Arts】**, you can't say that he's lacking in offensive power.

About magic, I repeated the same thing I told Mom and Dad that other magic element can be used offensively.

"That's good news. Until now **【Wind Magic】** are used only to strengthen bows."

Chester-niisan said so while showing his white teeth.

Looking at his elven ikemen act, I asked him something that piqued my interest.

"Isn't crossbow included in bow category?

But the skills are divided"

"Aa, It's only in my case. Rather than **『throwing』**, I think **『aiming』** would be more appropriate"

".... Then I guess you can use guns as well"

"I have never seen a gun before, but it's probably an ancient shooting artifact, right?"

If it's shooting, I can use it"

"Since niisan have good eyesight and use reconnaissance skill, I think you can be a sniper"

"Sunaipa?"

"A sharpshooter. In my original world, a sniper uses a gun and shoot the enemy from far away"

"...Edgar's world is a very dangerous world, isn't it?"

"If I somehow found something like a rifle, I will give it to you"

Maa, the problem is not the gun itself but gathering the ammunition.

"I'm not sure but I think guns are ancient relics that will deteriorate over the years. I've heard it's treated as an overcomplicated trash"

"Was it sulfur, nitrite, and charcoal? I'm not familiar with it so we have to experiment and do a lot of work.

...Ah that's right. If you're good at throwing, I'll give you this"

I took out a fragment of the barrier from leather pouch hung on my waist and hand it to Chester-niisan.

"... What is this?"

"I don't really know what it is but it's amazingly sharp. It's only useful as throwing weapons in emergency. The corresponding skill is **【Shuriken Techniques】** so I think you should master it if you have some spare time. You also need some aptitude in throwing skills"

"Thanks. There are things that I can't hit like approaching enemy"

"It's quite compatible with reconnaissance skills, especially with **【Stealth Step】** and **【Sneak】**"

"I see. I didn't use them much since I was always in a party. Afterall, bow user doesn't act much alone"

"Is that so?"

"Certainly. If there's no one to protect you, your enemy can shrink the distant instantly.

There are so many demons that can't be taken down by bow alone"

I think it can't be helped.

"As expected, there's no other way but increase the bow's firepower"

"That would be great, but how can I do that?  
Using a strong bow that needs a lot of physical strength?"

"I think you can use arrows with【Enhanced Magic】.  
I will teach you next time"

I'm planning to teach Chester-niisan 【Magic】 and 【Enhancement Magic】 in the future.

"And I want you to learn 【Spirit Magic】 together with Mom and Dad.  
An elf may be able to master it earlier than 2 humans.

Next time, I will hold a course about 【Spirit Magic】 can you adjust your schedule to attend?"

"【Spirit Magic】? It's a secret of an elf, isn't it? I never thought that Ed can use it"

After showing 《Mirage》 using 【Light Magic】 and show him that other magic element can be used offensively, I conclude the interview with Chester-niisan.

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Edvice = Advice

Talking about a bad pun here...

# Chapter 69: Chrebl Household Fortification

## Conference A.K.A. Edvice (3)

The last interviewer is,

“Edgar? I will coming in, okay?”

Melby the fairy's big sister.

<<

Melby ( from Tel telia Fairy town . Fairy Chief . <Wise-man> . <Ms. stubborn> . <everyone's Big Sister>)

?? (1120 years past since she was created) (Tn: in raw it really said '??')

Fairy

Level 44

HP 34/34

MP 997/997

Status Fairy's oaths

Skill

【Telepathy】 5 (↑ 1)

【Spirit Magic】 5 (↑ 1)

【Appraisal】 5 (↑ 1)

【Fairy Eye】 4

【Dimension Magic】 2 (↑ 1)

【Dimension Magic Tool Making】 2

[Leadership] 3

[Magic Tool Creation] 9 (MAX)

【Spatial magic】 9 (MAX)

【Fairy eye】 7

【Fairy song】 4

【Magical control】 9 (MAX)

【command】 9 (MAX)

【Tool creation】 9 (MAX)

【Mana Manipulation】 9 (MAX)

【Mana Perception】 7 (↑ 1)

“Blessing of Pioneer Elf”

When I saw it last time, my sense is numb because of Alfesia-san, but when I look at it again, Melby's spec is high. You can call that a cheat fairy.

“... I have no idea what advice I can give, but are there any troubles?”

“oh, I wonder how can I attack when my movement is limited? but, there's a fairy's oath, so I can't use it even if I have one”

“Fairy's oath isn't effective when the opponent is an evil god apostle, but if the opponent is evil god apostle then half-way attack are meaningless, right.”

“At first, I thought that I would learn 【Light Magic】 and 【Dark Magic】

to hide my figure from the people who can see fairies. Although

【Spirit Magic】 can do the same but, 【Light Magic】 and 【dark magic】 is a good method for restricting.”

“Indeed”

“Also, I want to learn the skill to make a machine. But It's difficult to make a big machine with my figure like this so, I will have to rely on Edgar I think”

“Of course I will help but, I think Melby can constructing machine with 【Physic Magic】. But the MP used will be high”

“So there's a way like that”

“Oh that's right, what is Melby's aptitude?”

“Aptitude? well...”

From Melby's explanation, here's Melby's aptitude.

S: Spirit, mind, perception, magic engineering, magic sense

A: fire, wind, water, earth, light, dimension, production.

B: Holy, dark, reconnaissance

C:

Z: general weapon, general body art

Even if you take away close combat ability, all that ability is extremely broken.

"That's right, I have a request for Melby"

"Request? What is it?"

"don't you remember about that hypnotism art?"

"Hypnotism art, hah... there's a knowledge about it from master, frankly, the skill called "hypnotism art" exist"

"A priest from <Yatagarasu> also have that skill, do you know what kind of skill that is?"

"Un... it's uses mana to guide another person thoughts, it's that kind of skill. Such dangerous skill, who do you want to use it on?"

"Oh, I want to use it on myself"

"Eh, for Edgar?"

"Un. As time passes since I was reincarnated, the memory of my precious life has begun to gradually fade, so I'm thinking that using

**【Hypnotism art】**

to recall memories that I can no longer remember"

"... so it's like that. Okay then, I don't know if I can't do it or not but, let's try it. With your knowledge from your previous life, we can use it to release master I think"

"Thank you. Also, can you do something like reading the mind of other people by using

【Telepathy】?”

“I wonder about that...【Telepathy】

skill capable of making a voice in your mind from leaking out and it kinda resemble a lock doesn’t it?”

Fumu, so that’s impossible.

Although I have expected it but, it seems a skill from the goddess can’t be abused as much as we like.

“That’s right, can the other fairies see status like Melby?”

“Nope. I have a fairy friend that has a master grade skill, but the skill is not like that. Ah,

【Telepathy】 and 【Spirit Magic】 are low level but they have it?”

I see, it’s just as goddess said that Melby is special.

“Melby also have 【appraisal】 right, so what did you notice until now?”

“What did I notice? Well, of course it’s the fact that you are the only one that really broken but...”

What’s with that of course? Well, it’s obviously maybe.

“<Yatagarasu> messengers is also strong. the level of the mercenary of <fang of the black wolf> is high but, the skill of the messengers is really good”

Un, that’s right.

“On the other hand, the soldier that Alfred-san command are a little bit weak aren’t they? The level is lower than mercenary, and the skill isn’t as good as the messenger”

“Ah that’s also what I think. So if you want to talk about that, I will be calling dad then”

That’s why, I will call father now.

In situation like this 【Telepathy】 is really convenient I think.

Even at the time for training 【Spirit Magic】, I’ll try to experiment on 【Telepathy】to learn it.

“—Eh, it’s a talk about my knight subordinate?”

After Alfred tou-san return to reception room, we tell him about it. (Tn: tou-san is father)

“Un. I was talking with Melby about it but... frankly, they are quite weak”

“You said it very clearly... but, surely it maybe so”

“the mercenary from <fang of the black wolf> level was high because they are at war in Sonorate. Messenger from <Yatagarasu> is an assassin so they learn various skill and hunting monster to raise their level”

“so it’s like that... right now, almost all young soldier in Santamana doesn’t have experience about war. On the other hand, we can’t hunting monster because it will snatch away the adventurer’s job. They can do well in group match training but, the problem is the status...”

Tou-san said that while thinking and make a difficult face.

And then,

“Ed, what do you think I should do?”

“first, as expected you need to raise the level I think. Specifically the HP should around 40 or so”

“That’s really specific, and the reason is?”

“The reason was because that’s the line for 【Assassination Technique】 that the messenger of <yatagarasu> learned is not instantly death. The superior skill like

【Assassination Art】 can do it but, 【Assassination Art】 but, the messengers who hold 【Assassination Art】 is still few, so the minimum HP is 40 I think”

“Fumu... so you said that’s the minimum to render 【Assassination Technique】. The other?”

If they hold 【Keen Hearing】

then the efficiency of the sentry will raise I think. And then, to use magic I think. There are only a few knight that are also magician right?

“In the case of using magic, the people who can’t use magic is only minority. However, people who can use it on real combat is 3 out of 100 people I think. Even so there’s still a difficult problem to raise it”

“Problem”

“In the first place, the people who can use magic at combat level will be more profitable as adventurers. That’s because an excellent magician gets a higher portion at adventurer party”

“Ah, the knight will retire and become adventurer if it’s like that. But in the case of nobles, they won’t become adventurer right?”

“If noble have an aptitude for magic then they will aim to become royal court magician. Then, they earn the privilege of not going to the front line. The result is the knights order is troubled because the magic attack power isn’t enough”

Tou-san shrug his shoulder.

“...How much magic can be used at combat level?”

“For 【Fire Magic】 they can ignite it somehow, for 【water Magic】 it’s enough to fill the basin with water, for 【wind Magic】 the wind can’t even break a thin branch, for 【Earth Magic】

they can dig a hole with the depth till around a knees I think”

So the level is only 1.

But, if that’s the case...

“if they trained they can become strong until some extent right?”

If they can learn the skill then they can master it if they have enough train.

And then it would be good to chose some people who not likely to run away and train them more.

“However, there’s still a skill level barrier”

“Skill level barrier?”

This is the first time I heard that word.

“well, perhaps Ed didn’t experience that but, usually people are only able to

raise their skills until some extent, and then it completely stops growing. Only with great effort can they break that or they can just give up.”

“But, from 【Aptitude Diagnosis】 people can find out their aptitude right?”

“Like I said, 【Aptitude Diagnosis】

is only possibility prediction, it’s different in reality. There’s also a lot of people who doubt it because of the priest lip service is also include in there. I trust priest Solo, because there isn’t any lip service I think.” (Tn: for reader who forget priest solo, it’s the priest who check Edgar aptitude. I kinda forget his name in Kookie tl)

I also trust priest Solo so I didn’t doubt him but, how with other priest?

If it’s an unskilled priest then, he will hesitate to include diagnosis content because he can’t clearly say “you don’t have an aptitude”. Even more so if the opponent is noble’s child. If there’s more or less suitable aptitude, it will be difficult to compare it with other people, because it’s dangerous if it’s leaking out after all.

“even if it’s the level is only one, maybe they can do it if it’s in group isn’t it?”

“there’s a way to use it in group...?”

“Un. For example, dugout – digging things like instant pitches, making pitfalls, making walls to avoid arrows, make a lot of water and make mud to stop enemy’s feet, use

【Mirage】 from 【Light magic

】 in group to increase their numbers, use wind to collect and scatter falling arrows

”

“Wa, wait a minute! You said something really important right now! So can I make a memo about it?”

“Eh, Un”

I nodded to Tou-san who takes out paper and pen in panic, and then once again I repeat what I said.

“it’s severe if the level of the magic skill is only one but, if the level is 3 or so... it will be good to say if it’s 4 or 5, I think you can do it what is said”

“How about the number of people”

“I think 10 people is enough to make pitfall, and a wall or wind to avoid arrows. And the scale will change depending on the number of people”

“I see... even with low level magic, if you use it in group then you may be able to expect more than that, since magician usually act solo that this kind of idea never existed before”

“Perhaps it’s a little gaudy but, if the magic is useless if it’s used alone then, the possibility the chances of knights retiring to become adventurers and royal court magicians will decrease”

“Haa... I’m tired, is it the knowledge from previous life?”

“No, in previous life there’s no magic at all. However, in the military there was a branch of army called combat engineer, they are expert at making bridge or road”

“I see. In Santamana military, the knight don’t want to do that kind of job, so I will temporarily recruit soldier to do it, but since they are usually farmers, they are not necessarily good at construction... I mean it’s rather appropriate because they don’t have a knowledge about it”

“The country’s army in my previous life will be dispatched to the disaster area to restore infrastructure such as road, bridge, harbors, etc”

“Is that army a noble’s army or the country’s army?”

“It’s country’s army”

“is it a privileged rank? well, they didn’t need to do that kind of work aren’t they?”

“it’s not privileged rank. Furthermore they feel honored to protect their country, so they didn’t feel unpleasant about it”

Alfred tou-san is quite a soft headed person for the people of this world, but for negotiation in my previous life people will bite each other so many times.

For Tou-san country is like the kingdom, and army is like knight troupe.

“Oh yeah it’s about the knowledge from previous life...”

I already talk to Alfred Tou-san and Julia Kaa-san about that world and simultaneously I also talk about the man who killed a lot in that world will also reincarnated here.

“there’s another reincarnated person who has similar knowledge as me. The possibility that he will use that knowledge to produce weapons that’s not from this world can’t be ruled out. Or rather, I think that it’s almost certain that he will do such a thing. I’d like to think about that a way to prevent that”

The name of that reincarnated person is Kizaki Tooru—in my previous life I was mistaken as attacker because of him and also he should already start his activity in this world.

I don’t know if Kizaki knows that I was also reincarnated into this world or not, but I think the enemy still doesn’t know, but that kind of thinking is too optimistic.

“I don’t understand, is your knowledge from previous world is really that dangerous?”

“if I give it an extreme example, there’s a nuclear bomb. That is, at the time of war, they dropped it at the country where I lived, and 2 cities become completely burned, and the people who survived are suffering due to after effect of the bomb for 10 years. In my previous world, it was really dangerous, so it has been used for negotiation with other country, if it become war and nuclear bomb was used the world will transform into scorched earth”

“...Can you make that Ed?”

“no, I kinda understand what it is but, I don’t know how to make it because it’s military secret. However, the person who reincarnated by evil god always has a good head. If it’s doctor then, he shouldn’t have the expert knowledge about engineering, however if it’s simple operation for gun, automobile, or airplane then he should know about it”

It’s hard to imagine that an elite surgeon who has a hobby as devil researcher and have pleasure as murderer making tank and airplanes frantically... but

that's my arbitrary imagination after all. I would like to increase my friends who can move with me more than ever, it's simply because I likely to lose with high difference if it's about knowledge comparison.

"You said it before, but is that gun is really amazing weapon?"

"well then, I'll let you see for a bit. Melby, I'm sorry but"

"Yes yes. Here"

Melby said so while take out the gun – Walther P 38 from the dimensional storage and hand it over to me.

I tried to grasp the gun handle.

...Un, it's okay.

When I think about it, suddenly I remember something.

It's kinda late but, in my previous life I death because the policeman shoot me.

I could remember the shock from that time, it's draw all the blood from my face.

"Wait, Ed, are you alright? Your face is pale you know?"

"Ah, un... it's okay. It's dangerous so I will show it in the courtyard"

[<- TOC ->](#)

If you have found a spelling error, please, notify us by selecting that text and pressing *Ctrl+Enter*.

# Chapter 70: Previous Life Cheat Countermeasure

Since it's quite important, I gathered everyone in the courtyard.

While waiting for Melby to call everyone out, I made some pot with 【Earth Spirit Magic】as target practice.

"This is amazing! These can be sold for money! The only thing we need to do is some glaze and bake them!"

Alfred-tousan seem to take some interest in the pots.  
Is the process really that simple?

As everyone gathered, I made a wall about 2 meters high and 3 meters wide at the end of the courtyard. Then I made a stand and arrange the pots on them.

"It's going to make a loud sound, will it bother the neighbors? "

"I don't know about the neighbors, but the guards may come if they heard loud noises"

"In that case, can you silence it with 【Wind Magic】?"

Julia-kaasan covered the courtyard with her 【Wind Magic】.  
Hee, so this will prevent the sound from leaking... I'll remember it.

"Jaa, I'll start"

I hold the handgun and shoot a pot about 10 meters away.  
The pot shattered with a loud sound.  
Just like before, I shoot the other 2 pots and they shattered as well.

"—And that's how you use a gun"

When I looked back, everyone was looking at the broken pots in disbelief, all of them are dumbfounded.

"Wait a second, that little gun, how did you make the lead ball fly? I can't see the ball at all"

(TL: Before you lynch me, that world don't know anything about gun, of course they don't know the word *bullet*)

Moria said that in shock.

Even Moria who had 【Discern】 couldn't see the bullets. As for me, it was barely visible. Moria's 【Discern】 is level 3, whilst mine is level 5. I think to be able to see the bullet, you need at least level 4. Maybe level 5 if you're really careful.

(TL: 【見切り】 maybe discern. Maybe not)

"Moreover, there's no need to pull it like a bow. Ed shoot it just by pulling the nail-like parts with his fingers. The mechanism is similar to crossbow, but crossbow needs a considerable effort and power to reload it"

Chester-niisan said so.

"Niisan, want a shot?"

"Can I?"

Niisan took the handgun.

He followed my shooting stance and held the gun towards the target pot. Even though it was also my first time shooting a gun, I think I handled it well.

Almost as the same time as the sound *Don*, the pot shatters with a loud noise. Chester-niisan slid his aim to the side and continued to shoot the other jar. As expected from someone with shooting aptitude, his accuracy is amazing.

"This is..... this weapon is dreadful..."

Niisan looked at the rising smoke and muttered with a scary face.

"Does the snipers Ed was talking about use this weapon?"

"No, snipers use a more precise gun. This handgun can't shoot far enough"

"I agree, this weapon's range is not long enough... It will be more applicable if the range is about 5 times more"

Although it's not detailed, 50 meters is the effective range. Chester-niisan had figured out the range of the gun on the first look.

"Sniper seems to be able to shoot accurately from 200 meters away. Niisan has good eyes so you should be able to do that"

It would be wonderful if I had one these on Ranzrack Fortress. You should be able to snipe Goleth, the leader of 〈Black Wolf Fang〉, from the

top of the Fortress without problem.

However, since there were HP in this world, it may be difficult to shoot Goleth down in 1 blow. Even so, Goleth won't be able to load his spears and it will make the battle into a one-sided-massacre.

While I was thinking, Alfred-tousan took the gun from Chester-niisan and tried it.

Dad who was not good with bows had shot 1 of the 2 pots provided, but he seemed to understand the convenience of the gun.

Dad said.

"This is a terrifying weapon. It will be effective against demons, but it will be brutal against human enemies. If the enemy had something like this... I can understand why Ed is so cautious. So what are you going to do, Ed? Should we just mass produce this weapon to counter them?"

"In the worst case, that will be our only plan. But to prevent that scenario, we can monitor the material distribution for the guns and the ammunitions. I would like to build a position to investigate any abnormalities in the distribution immediately"

"That Kizaki person, is it possible that he was reincarnated in Santamana?"

"Un... That's why, I need an information network that covers at least the major cities in the whole continent. Either way, if we try to mass produce guns, we need a lot of economic and industrial strength, so I think we need to watch over the big cities"

"Even so, assuming mass production is impossible, is it possible that the reincarnator arms his closest aides?"

"Regarding that, he needs to have some previous life's knowledge about gun-fight"

"Can we use Chester's troop as an experiment?"

"I see, so niisan will be the first one? .....Sorry niisan. You are involved in weird things"

"Iya, I don't mind. In fact, I'd rather be informed in this matter since it's

important"

"Anyway niisan, I want to make a special unit armed with guns, can you gather some trustworthy people and fit for shooting? This is to oppose the enemies forces and to identify the problems and weakness in managing guns. There are magic, skills, and statuses in this world. Depending on the creativity, there are also a possibility where we can compete with the past generations of weapons"

Suddenly, Mom asked.

"Wait a minute, Edgar-kun.

That means in the previous life you never had magic, skills, and statuses?"

"Un. I don't have those.

It seems that this world's Good Gods developed this system to counter Evil Gods"

"Eeee..... i see"

Julia-kaasan was surprised and impressed.

For the people in this world magic, skills and statuses are normal and natural, they can't imagine a world without those things.

"That's why, I think magic is important.

We can't knock a high-speed bullet with wind like arrows but we can make thick walls, evaporate the bullets in high-temperature flame, or slow it down with water barrier. There are a lot of things to counter guns"

"Un..... The solutions you provided... it's going to exhaust a lot of MP"

Julia-kaasan thought with a troubled face.

"How about we dig trenches as protection for simple countermeasure?"

"Oh, I was thinking about teaching that to the knights"

"Originally, trenches are born in a battlefield that uses guns, so it's doable"

"I see. So as countermeasure against guns, we can use magic warfare strategy"

"Dad, regarding the manufacture of guns, can you introduce me a trustworthy

and skilled craftsman?"

"A craftsman eh... I have a few acquaintances in the royal city. However, he only stay only when he need to report to His Majesty, the King. So it may be difficult to get his help in a long term"

"Still, I want to know the metal processing technology in this world. It may be different from my world"

Because there's magic, I think that technology of this world is not that low. If you are doing metallurgy with magic and skill, it should be more convenient. Just like alchemy, processing metal directly should be convenient.

"I understand, I'll introduce you then.

—But it's been a long time since I contact him"

Alfred-tousan averted his gaze to Beck who was sitting on the bench in the courtyard.

"Ed, is there anything else you want to ask?"

"Oh, only one thing.

etto..... I want to make Steph stronger"

"fue? me?"

Hearing her name called suddenly, Steph jumped from her seat.  
.....Guessing from her reaction, it seemed that she can't follow the story so far.

"Yup. I am interested in how far a person without a skill in battle would fare in war"

When I said that, tousan had a troubled face.

"Wait a minute, Ed. Steph is Popurus-san's daughter. Isn't making her fight will be a problem?"

"But, is it bad to learn to protect yourself?"

"That... that's true"

"Actually, when this mansion was attacked by 〈Yatagarasu〉, Gazaine took Steph as a hostage. Now that she were close with me, it may be dangerous for

her in the future"

"I see... But if it's too dangerous for Steph, shouldn't we find a former adventurer to serve as a maid?"

Well... I didn't anticipate that argument.

Having a former adventurer as a maid will be convenient.

While recalling what happened before, I prepared a counterargument.

"...Imagine something similar happened again. A top assassin like Gazaine as your opponent. Therefore, we need to raise her. Taking advantage from my experiences, I want to research how to raise inexperienced people to protect themselves. Of course, I will protect Steph"

After hearing my words, Alfred-tousan considered the situation.

Then he went to Steph.

"Steph-san. What do you think? There may be danger if you keep being around Ed. Even if you are not working with Ed, I'll make sure that nothing bad will happen to you.

Please think about it. Will you strengthen yourself by training with Ed, or will you resign to avoid danger?"

"I....."

Steph kept her eyes close and started to think.

Dad looking at her,

"You don't have to decide it right away. Take your ti—"

"No, it's fine"

Blocking dad's words, Steph moves forward.

Steph kneeled in front of me and looked straight into my eyes.

"Ed-bochama, please help me grow stronger"

Steph is so serious that I was almost drop my shoulders.

I thought this was a refusal.

"Though I do nothing but fumble and am always causing trouble, bocchama never got mad at me. Even when he fell down the stairs at the mansion in Corvette Village, while he should have been in pain himself, he used magic to

save me who came falling afterwards. On top of that, he even protected me when I was being scolded by Julia-okusama"(TL: Thank you, Jorgelotr)

So that happened.

When I thought about it, everytime Steph made a mistake, I always protected her. I don't know who was the master in this relationship.

"Lately, when I'm free, he even teach me various things. My master, thanks to Ed-bochama, I am able to do not only addition and subtraction, but also multiplication and division. Furthermore, I can count numbers correctly even only for small digit numbers"(TL: thank you, Karma)

"I see..... Then, you can help Populus-san. Populus-san has decided to help doing my business. When his daughter comes to help, Populus-san would be happy"

Populus is the village chief of Trenadette and Steph's father. I heard that he was chosen as the chief thanks to his ability as a peddler.

However, when you get used to the village life, you seem to miss the business world. This time, he got some investment from Dad.

In fact, I'm also bite one or two pieces of the shop, but it's a story for later time.

"No, Master. I will not come to help father. Ed-bochama"

"...yes?"

"I wish to study under Ed-bochama, I wish to know the pleasure of learning for the first time. It's just been a while, but I enjoyed every bit of it. Studying, working, failing, there are so many things that I didn't know and I'm glad to be able to do so. I have never had anything that I can do. Therefore, if you tell me to learn how to fight, then I will do so.

I want to be strong so I can stand next to this boy. That's why..... etto..."

Steph was troubled with word and flustered.

After taking a deep breath, she continued.

"S-so... Please let me work for you..."

Steph put all her feeling in those words.

"...Thank you. Let's work together, Steph"

I gave her my appreciation...

---

スナイパーは、200メテル以上離れた地点を正確に撃ち抜くことができるらしいよ。

Sniper seems to be able to shoot accurately from 200 meters away

Snipers's effective range is about 600-800 meters. The world record is 3.5 km.

# Chapter 71: Skill Magic

It was already late, so we decided to stay at mansion.

And from the next morning until noon, I will interview Moria-san, Huffman-san, Miguel, Donna, and beck.

Although Only Ganash-jii declined because of old age, but the remaining has become a member.

I was told that Elemia want to talk to me later, so I made it so she would be last.

Even so, the direction that they need to aim for is clear to those 5 people.

Moria-san who uses two swords and combines speed and firepower so she aims to be vanguard, Huffman-san and Beck are shield users, Miguel is melee fighter using **Ki Gong**, Donna is using Ganash-jii **Pharmacist** group skill so she is support.

Moria-san

has learned not only **Twin Blade Technique** but also **Danger Perception** and **Stealth Step**, and the skill composition doesn't have too many gaps. As expected of A rank adventurer who has 2 titles, it seems I can't say anything great as the loser of the mock battle.

Although not much was added, I recommended learning **Steel Thread Technique** to snare enemies in the dark and because she has aptitude for it, I told her to train **Dark magic** as a reconnaissance group skill. Also to get at least a low level skill of **Shuriken Technique**, I'll give some her barrier fragments which are abundant in Melby's dimension storage as a present.

Moria-san checks the fragments curiously, and then say thanks.

"If there's a good time, is it okay to ask you to teach me **Twin Blade Technique**?"

When she heard that, she immediately gives her consent.

It's too bad because it seems she can't teach **Twin Blade Technique** to her

son because of his fighting style is hand to hand combat I think.

For Huffman-san who has the fighting style that uses a shield and a one-handed axe, I recommended learning 【earth magic】 which was useful in fighting fire dragons. And asked some question on how to use the shield.

Huffman-san gave information about skills that work against monsters like 【Intimidation】 or 【Provocation】.

In addition to the former boys group Miguel, Donna and Beck, In addition to the 【Lightning Magic】 that I taught earlier, Gave advice to improve their magic, fire for Miguel, water for Donna, and earth for Beck. (Tn: wait, so Donna is a boy? I seriously check it 4 times and it says moto 'shonen' han... really!?) (Ed: it's a trap!!)

Although each specialty is clear, the kids weren't familiar with magic so they're still not flexible, but in the future the range of tactics will widen after all.

About this point, Moria-san and Huffman-san gave affirmation as their guardian.

Other than that, Miguel recently get 【Acrobatic】 , Ganash-jii teach Donna about perception skill group, and I promised to teach 【Hook Technique】 to Beck.

"Well, how about your fundamental Ed?"

After I finished interviewing everyone, Alfred tou-san come and ask that. (Tn: isn't it time for Elemia interview?)

"It will take a long time If I explain it, is it alright?"

"Of course"

Julia kaa-san is also asking, and so I will explained my plans about my skill composition from now on until I reach adulthood. (Ed: he forgot elemia... )



(Watermark: read this translation only at shinku. xiaoxiaonovels.com)

Do you remember about 【Skill Magic】 that I got from Goddess –sama when I'm in the growth sleep the other day?

In exchange of sealing the unnecessary skill, According to the goddess I get “Magical skill that can organize and integrate skill”.

After I settle in the Fono city, I will immediately go to samsara temple in the city. (Tn: in raw it say rinne or in English samsara. It's about endless cycle of death and rebirth)

I heard 【Skill Magic】is the same as 【Prayer】I can't use it unless there's a way to communicate with a god in samsara temple.

The samsara temple in Fono city is located in the center of the city, so it takes only about ten minutes to walk from the feudal lord Chrebl mansion.

If talking about temples, then the image should be a temple should ones from Greece, but no matter what I see, this has the appearance similar to a medieval church in Europe.

The building is made of stone with a gothic appearance, the wall is thick and the window are small, even the inside is dim and feels pleasant.

The atmosphere inside is so bold, because there's a line of the adventurer here, they're free to come in to receive divination, then we decide to leave the door and come in.

“...Ara, are you lost?”

The person who came and talked was a young female who had a priest-like appearance.

It's a priest style, or rather, that attire atmosphere usually is for solo priest style, but it's no doubt that she is a priest.

“No, I came here to pray”

As expected I can't foolishly say that I want to use 【Skill Magic】.

However, I didn't lie because I want to try learning 【Pray】 skill as well.

“you already have interest in this even though you are still so young. Do you know how to pray?”

When I shake my head,

“You see there's an altar over there right? You kneel in front of that, then call

out Atrazenec-sama the goddess that govern samsara. If you do it right, Goddess-sama will give you a response”

“Response? Beside, how I call out...?”

Even in the previous life, I didn’t know how to pray to god.

“It will be okay if you say your wish and praise goddess-sama”

After that, I was kneeling in the altar, then the imagine goddess-sama appearance in my mind ,

“Oh, beautiful, wise, and merciful, goddess Atrazenec who govern samsara, please listen to my prayer. Etto, please tell me how to use 【Skill Magic】”

I try to keep pray in silent, and it succeeds in one go.

“—blessing for you my devout believer”

When I hear the familiar voice of goddess-sama, my body was wrapped in light.

I 【Appraisal】 myself.

《Edgar Chrebl, status: Goddess of Virtue Blessing (Growth skill acceleration, effect: half a day). Skill 【Pray】 1 (NEW!)》

【Pray】 has been added in【Appraisal】status.

《【Pray】: able to offer pray to the god.

However, it’s not effective outside the effective range of the altar

. Depending on the subject prayed and the content of prayer, there will be “talisman” that can give support buff like HP · MP recovery speed increase, maximum HP temporary increase, monster avoidance, growth promotion etc. sometime rarely the god will give a word. In the case that the connection with god is strong, there are times when it is possible to exchange words with god in a very short time》

Ooh... this is convenient.

It’s a talisman this time, but I can use this to contact goddess-sama in the case of emergency.

Even though it's the first time I used 【Pray】it's really like that goddess. It's only a word of blessing, and I don't have the freedom to speak.

“—how is it? Were you able to pray?”

The girl from before came and asked.

“Eh, when I thought I heard goddess-sama voice, there was a light wrapping my body”

“Eeeh!? Did you get a word from Atrazenec-sama!?”

Oops. Looks like it was rare.

“E, eeh... it just said ‘blessing for you my devout believer’ ”

“Even so , that was amazing! Usually it the priest need to keep training for so many years to finally received those words you know!?”

The priest told me with glittering eyes.

I'm sorry but if this person is here, I can't experiment on 【Skill Magic】.

“Etto, if it's like that then I think I'd like to give a grateful prayer to the goddess but...”

“A, ah, sorry! I become too excited just now... I'm disturbing your prayer aren't I?”

“No, it's okay. I'm really grateful for getting various information.But I think I want to pray a little longer, ...”

“If that's the case, then do you want to use a room with private altar?”

Private room! So that thing exists.

“Certainly, please. Are there any requirement...?”

“There's none, but if you have money, there's a donation box in the private room, it will be helpful no matter how much”

If I have money, that's what I heard, that's probably because I look like a child.

I don't know whether it's alright for a priest to talk so politely with a child.

I enter a private room guided by the priest.

The size of the private room is more or less a karaoke room.

Even if I say so, there's no table, and there is only a chair in the center of the room.

There's small altar inside, and there's donation box in front of it

"Please enjoy yourself"(ed: what are you telling a boy inside an empty room to enjoy?)

I wait for the priest to leave and then I sit in the chair and look the altar.

Look... it's troubling.

I don't know how to use **【Skill Magic】**.

For now I opened the status with **【appraisal】**, and vaguely look at the skill I have.

And the lined up skill are classified in 3 colors.

The colors are, gray, white, and beige, the gray one is dark but the white and beige looks like it's slightly shining.

And then I focus my consciousness on the name status, and that part become so shiny.

As a test, I try to focus on the white **【covert Art】**.

... but nothing happened by that alone.

However, when I change my focus to other skills, most of the skills greyed out while the **【covert Art】** keep shining.

The few survivor... I look toward **【Stealth Step】** which had a shining beige color.

Suddenly there's a pon-like sound.

Because I was surprised, a window was in front of my eyes.

《**【Covert Art】5 + 【Stealth Step】9 → 【Concealment】1**

Do you want to synthesis the skill? Yes/no? 》

I see, so this is how this work.(ed: white + beige = skill gray = not viable)

I thought for a while in the front of the window.

Is there a demerit for synthesis?

I think there's none.

Then the【Concealment】shown as the synthesis result, at the time when I fought with Gazaine, Gazlo the one who became Yatagarasu's executive used this skill. Elemia who was suddenly hit by this skill, became a hostage. This skill is good enough to hit Elemia who is good at detecting presence. I can say that this skill is superior than 【Covert Art】

I focus my consciousness to the letter "Yes".

I heard a sound like jakishi.

Etto, is it done?

I use 【Appraisal】on myself.

《Edgar Chrebl。skill:【Concealment】1 (NEW ! )。》

Un, I can get it properly.

With this I can use synthesis I think.

I open my status once again, I confirm that the letter will be shining when I focus on the white letter.

I take out a note, and make a memo about the synthesis formula and the window display.

There's also impossible combination Inside the synthesis formula.

For example,

《【Fire Spirit Magic】5 + 【Fire Magic】9 → 【Fire Spirit Magic ? ? ?】5 (Rename acceptable)》

This formula and,

《【Fire Magic】9 + 【Water Magic】9 + 【Wind Magic】9 + 【Earth Magic】9 → 【4 Standard Attribute Magic ? ? ?】7 (Rename acceptable)》

For this formula, both required 【Fire Magic】, so I can't possibly synthesis this.

The story will change if I can re-master 【Fire Magic】after using it for synthesis, but if you think the skill after synthesis contains elements of 【Fire Magic】, re-learning it probably impossible.

And then, I can only master either 【Fire Spirit Magic ? ? ?】5 (Rename acceptable) or 【4 Standard Attribute Magic ? ? ?】7 (Rename acceptable).

When I think about it, is it too early to make the decision to synthesize 【Concealment】?

When I think about that, I try to focus on 【Concealment】.

《Do you want to disassemble 【Concealment】 skill? (at the time of disassembly, a slight lost that can't be predicted will occurred on the skill)  
Yes/No》

The display was shown along with pon tone.

Fumu, it's possible to get back the original skill, but at a cost.

Well then, after knowing that will I disassemble 【Concealment】 or not... let's disassemble it.

There's also the possibility that 【Covert Art】 and 【Stealth Step】 can be combined with other skills, so I would like to return it to the original skill for confirmation, it's a bit wasteful, but I'd like to know how much loss I get from disassembly is.

Because of that, I focus on the "yes" to disassembly.

Jakishi... I hear a sound like dropping the tension.

【Appraisal】

《Edgar Chrebl. Skill【Covert Art】5 (NEW ! )、【Stealth Step】8 (NEW ! )。》

【Covert Art】 didn't go down, but the skill level of 【Stealth Step】 is fell by 1.

It feels disappointing, it turn out that there was no other skill that can be synthesized, but it can't be confirmed after synthesized it.

Focus, put the formula on the memo, cancel, and repeat it again and again.

“—has you finished your “pray”? The day is already dark you know?”

I began to notice because of the tact words from the priest.

Although I come at noon, when I went out to the corridor it was already evening.

“You prayed with a lot enthusiasm. To pray like that at such an age... in case you’re troubled by something, or want to consult about something, don’t hesitate to tell me okay?”

You can’t be worried for only 1 person you know, while my relationship with this stuttering female priest became strange , I place a silver coin into the donation box.



(Watermark: read this translation only at shinku. xiaoxiaonovels.com)

“—so, in the end, what’s with that skill synthesis?”

Alfred tou-san asked after listening to my long story.

I say “It’s like this” and show my father the page of the note used for trial and error of skill synthesis.

When tou-san see the note, I use **【Appraisal】** on myself.

《

Edgar Chrebl (the 4th

child of the viscount Chrebl. Noble of the Santamana kingdom

《Baby Scarlet》・《Bottomless Orochi》・《Negotiator》・《Dragon Buster》・  
《Friend of The Elf》・《Master of Spirit Magic》・《Messenger of Amithaba-sama》・  
《Guru》・《Jack in the Box Rascal》・《Tragic Hero》)

Level 40

HP 94/94

MP 6001/6001(360↑)

Skil

• Mythical Class

【No Fatigue】—

【Instant Interpretation】—

【Skill Magic】—(NEW ! )

· Legendary Class

【Psychokinesis + 2】5

【Spirit magic】5

【Danger Perception】1

【Appraisal】9(MAX)

【Database】—

【Telepathy】5

【Analysis】1(NEW ! )(【Appraisal】can analyze in detail.)

【Vision Enhancement】1(NEW ! )(Acquired through skill synthesis)

【Mana Detection】1(NEW ! )(Acquired through skill synthesis)

【Sorcery】1(NEW ! )(

it is possible to freely operate, control, and erasing a multiple of magic.

Acquired through skill synthesis.)

【Concealment】1(NEW ! )( Acquired through skill synthesis)

【Medicine Research】1(NEW ! )(Acquired through skill synthesis)

· Master Class

【Throwing Art + 3】7

【Flying Swordmanship + 1】5

【Steel Thread art + 1】5

【Assassination Art + 1】5

【Discern】5

【Fire Spirit Magic】5

【Water Spirit Magic】1(NEW ! )

【Earth Spirit Magic】8

【Wind Spirit Magic】3

【Light Spirit Magic】1

【Dark Spirit Magic】1(NEW ! )

【Lightning Magic + 1】5

【Enchant Magic】6

【Magic Language】5

【Sense Presence + 1】5

【Acrobatic】2 (NEW ! ) (Acquired through skill synthesis)

【Construction】1 (NEW ! )

(Tn: there's some skill missing like Letterless Invocation, Mana control, etc. maybe it's synthesized into Sorcery)

· General

【Dagger Technique】5

【Unarmed Combat】5

【6 Basic Attribute Magic】5 (NEW ! ) (Acquired through skill synthesis)

【Command】2

【Pray】1 (NEW ! )

《Goddess of Virtue's Blessing + 1 (Atrazenec)》

《God of Virtue's Blessing (Kannumarne)》

(Tn: I think it's "Virtue god/goddess blessing" but meh)

》

It's long as usual, but hasn't it become a little neat?

Because of the synthesis, the number of the skill has been greatly reduced from 71 to 37.

According to the goddess-sama, it seems too many skill have a bad influence in raising skills, so I decide to use synthesis the skills that can be synthesized as much as possible and seal the skill that I do not use.

The + in the skill is based on how many I synthesized to strengthen the skill

For 【Psychokinesis + 2】, the power is increased about 30% by vertically synthesis 【Telekinesis】and 【Physics Magic】 which are inferior skills of 【Psychokinesis】. It became difficult to control, but thanks to 【Sorcery】 , magic

control became dramatically easier, so the balance is easier to control.

“Acquired through skill synthesis

” is a skill that acquired from synthesized skill, so it’s different skill from before due to synthesize. Therefore, unlike the enhanced synthesis, the nature of skills has changed before and after synthesis.

For example, 【Acrobatic】 isn’t simply the skill that combined 【Leap】 and 【Triangle Kick】

but has the effect to raising the whole physical ability. I think it’s interesting to make Miguel and Elemia learn this skill, I made a promised to teach Miguel at the time of interview. In return I plan to learn 【Ki Gong】 from Miguel. It looks like a difficult skill, so I don’t know if I can learn it or not...

Furthermore, I need to counter stop 【Water Magic】 and 【Dark Magic】 to get 【Water Spirit Magic】 and 【Dark spirit Magic】 from counter stop bonus to synthesis 【6 Basic Attribute Magic】.

I chose horizontal synthesis rather than vertical synthesis (for example 【Fire Magic

】 + 【Fire Spirit Magic】

), and the result is I acquired 【6 Basic Attribute Magic

】

skill with the level of 5. Apparently, it seems that technique to multiply different magic of different attributes hasn’t been learned yet.

In short, 【6 Basic Attribute Magic】 isn’t simply to attached 【Fire Magic】 skill.

Maybe this is an interesting way to raised the synthesis skill For now.

The sealed skills are as bellow.

【Dragon Claw Techniques】 2, 【Dragon Scale Defense】 5, 【Cryptanalysis】 2, 【Carving】 7, 【Echolocation】 3, 【Grappling Hook Techniques】 4, 【Woodcraft】 9.

Even if I seal it, I can get it again by rehabilitation so, I leave 【Cryptanalysis】 , 【Echolocation】 , 【Grappling Hook Techniques】 in this state somehow, and I will keep it sealed until the time I need to use it.

— Oh yeah, maybe there are some people who want to know, so I will put my suitability table.

S: None

A+: Thunder, Gun, Throwing

A: Almost all

B+: Close Combat

C: None

Z: None

This has been revised by goddess-sama

Now you know which are strange in my family (+Melby).

[<- TOC ->](#)

If you have found a spelling error, please, notify us by selecting that text and pressing *Ctrl+Enter*.

## Chapter 72: Solitary Pipe

Since Elemia wanted to talk, I made some time for her at dusk.

For the silver-haired bishoujo, I decided to hold the talk on the rooftop. We could climb easily thanks to our physical ability.

Elemia stood alone on the rooftop, her hair glittering from the twilight sun.

"Pipe... Did you bring it?"

"Yes"

Elemia told me that she wanted a pipe for her birthday gift.

Before we started our talk, Elemia taught me how to play the pipe. Even though the way of playing it is similar to harmonica, it sounds like a combination of a flute and a recorder.

Elemia taught me a simple song to help me learn. She praised me for being good.

Before sunset, Elemia-sensei's lecture on pipe blowing was over. We ended up with silence on the roof.

".....etto, shall we start talking?"

Hearing her words, I responded.

"Before that, I have something to tell you..."

I waited for Elemia to give a nod.

"—I had asked Alfred-tousan to adopt you. You are an important companion, that's why I want you to be part of my family"

"eh....."

Elemia shook herself in disbelief and covered her mouth with her hands. She tried to speak but she only muttered nervously. Then she finally took a deep breath and said.

"uuu.....Oroch-Edgar, you are way too aggressive"

".....Is it... no good.....?"

Looking at her condition, I thought that Elemia could be a member of family and my head suddenly went cold.

"Ano nee... As expected, I should speak my part first... Actually, I can't accept Edgar's invitation... for now..."

I really wanted to hit my head to a nearest wall. (TL: finding some English equivalent for it)

.....I, maybe Elemia hated me.....?

Elemia noticed my complexion and said quickly.

"U-uun!! It's not like I hate you!  
It's just..... something to do with my own feeling"

".....Your feeling?"

"I was brainwashed by 〈Yatagarasu〉 and killed people"

"That is-"

"It's better to say "I got tricked", right? Edgar, you had been saying this to everyone. If you didn't, everyone will feel horrible about what they did"

"I'm not doing it to make you feel better.  
It's the truth. The one who tricked you is bad"

"Un, that is true, but I think that I couldn't be forgiven even though I was deceived. Isn't that weird? I think it's convenient for 〈Yatagarasu〉 to play with our "remorse", to think about how easily they control our remorse. Therefore, I will always stay as victim of 〈Yatagarasu〉. No, in fact that I want to deny it so much... but right now, I don't think I can be in a relationship with you without giving you anything back. I am very happy that Edgar wants me to be a part of your family, but for now, I can't forgive myself yet"

Elemia stared at an empty space with a gentle smile.

I couldn't stand it anymore, so I stripped down and kissed her lips.

"That's why I will return to the Darkwood Forest.  
I'm going back into the depth Darkwood Forest, back to darkness where no monsters dares to approach, training to be a shrine maiden.  
I have to do that... I can't stand next to you and being helped all the time"

"I... see..."

Her eyes showed determination and resolve.

"But, aren't both of your parents gone?

Do you have anyone to live with in the forest?"

"I don't think so... I was a shrine maiden when I was kidnapped, I will go back to whatever remains.

I guess I should travel around continent to look for the next shrine maiden candidate as well.

I can't explain in detail, but a shrine maiden is important for dark elves"

"Are you going to work after all that?"

"There can be only 1 person in the depth.

Facing the darkness, recite, eating darkness if hungry, and sharpen my spirit.  
.....I was afraid of it.

So I ran away from the tribe and kidnapped by Gazaine. I guess to everyone, I escaped because I couldn't stand the training.

Running away from my duty and escaping my own sin, I won't be able to forgive myself.

That's why, I will face the darkness this time. I need to face it and prove myself.  
I'm not my previous weak self anymore"

The training sounds harsher than I imagined.

It's not easy to tell her that she was mentally unstable, but I could understand her determination.

Elecia wanted to start over and fixed her mistakes.

She wanted to get out of the wrong and walk towards what she think is right.

I couldn't help but thinking that she was in the "Wrong place", letting Elecia live in seclusion. For Elecia's sake, should I smile and send her off? What should I do?

But still, I was not convinced.

Why?

Thinking about it, I noticed.

Elecia's face. Her expression.

She said that she was fine. But in reality, she was on verge of crying. It was a face trying hard to keep the pain inside.

That's right. This girl was still a child.

Girls that age wanted to be pampered and loved by their parents.

Can a child on that age be able to live alone in a forest?

I don't think so. Iya, even if they could, I couldn't let her do it.

If she insist on doing going alone, I will pursue her myself.

This child is too pure. And that purity stabbed my heart like a sharpened blade.

That's why Elecia, who grew up without being treated by adults, didn't know how to control her feeling.

Throw away the shrine maiden, throw away the belief. She was a girl who grew up for the sake of killing.

—Don't let her go.

"I think what you are saying is right  
but only on one aspect.

Since adults forcibly force children at their own convenience, I think that Elecia would have escaped to defend yourself. Especially since it's a painful practice that a small child would want to run away. But, no one can stand being alone. Don't listen to what those dirty adult who chased you down said.

I don't know about the dark elves in the Darkwood Forest, but executives of 〈Yatagarasu〉 tried incorporating the children's guilt for their own merit. If you are in pain, then escape. You don't have to do anything amazing, because we humans deserve to be happy"

"But... right now... I can't forgive myself... I don't have the right to stand next to you"

"You don't need a right to stand next to anyone.

Return to train, facing your sin, they're indeed amazing. But Elecia is Elecia. You don't have to train or face your sin.

Serious, quick thinker, chasing down targets with extreme persistence, that's the Elecia that I like.

It has nothing to do with your training or sin"

"Tha-that is..."

"On the other hand, how about Elemia train here and come back home later?  
If you can be stronger here, isn't it the same thing?

If you want to stand next to me, you can do it now. Maybe you will feel a bit inferior, but everyone always feel weak when compared to someone else, right?

If we spend time together, you will find out that you can do everything. It's impossible if you go so far away"

"That... That might be true but..."

"Wasn't the goal is going alone and doing harsh training then coming back to us?

If you want to stay together, then we can stay together.  
Iya, let's stay together.

There are many things that we can only do together.

There are many things that you can learn back in the depth of Darkwood Forest, but if you compare what you get by training alone and living together with us, I think what you get by living with us is way more precious. Isn't that right?"

"Something we get... by living together...?"

"I'm not someone who can say great thing, but right now you are trying to punish yourself. Not being able to stand next to me is an excuse"

"It-it's not an excuse!!"

Elemia raised her voice.

Maybe I was a bit too rough.

But I think it's necessary.

Elemia was scared about starting a new life and she doubt that she could forgive herself. Living back in the Darkwood Forest, even though it was painful and hard, experiencing bad things.

Elemia was trying to choose the hard path and didn't care even if she suffers.  
Even so, can Elemia be happy?

"I always said that Elemia is innocent. It's the 〈Yatagarasu〉 executives who

were at fault"

"But..."

"It feels hard to be deceived like that. They had become a deep part of your heart and taking advantage of your mind.

I'm sure Elemia couldn't forgive yourself.

But, they are using your feeling. I'm sorry for the evil god, using guilt to remove the feeling of sin.

Therefore, since you can't forgive yourself, you can't escape their clutch.

You should do the opposite, Elemia should forgive yourself.

Elelia, you must stay by my side.

I wanted to be with Elelia.

Let Dad and Mom give you a chance to forgive yourself"

"I am..... want to be on your side..."

Tears overflow from her eyes.

"That's right... I... Should forgive myself...

No... I will forgive myself....."

Elelia laughed while crying.

"Fufu... It's strange.

It's just like you said, even if I trained in the forest, I still won't be qualified to stand next to you, Edgar.

I was trying to compensate my sins by making it hard for myself"

"Even though I said it so many times, Elelia is innocent.

The bad ones are the 〈Yatagarasu〉who brainwash children into assassins"

That... Even so,

the person we killed won't come back. We need to reflect on it so it won't happen again. There is no excuse"

"As long as it don't weigh you down, I think it's fine.

But from now on, we are here. There's no need to hold your feelings alone"

".....un!"

That lecture was not like me.

My heart beat like crazy. Let's change the topic.

"Thank god, thank god.

I have something I always want to do with Elemia"

"Something you always want to do?"

"Un. Skill farming!"(TL: The raw said "Skill raising". Anyway, did he just asked a 7 years old girl to a grind-fest for a date?)

"S-skill farming?"

"Elezia has **【Fatigue Transference】**, but it has no effect on me"

"uun. I don't know why but it looks like it"

I revealed **【No Fatigue】** to Elezia.

"Not getting tired and not getting sleepy? I-it's a way better skill than my **【Fatigue Transference】**!!!"

"I think it's depended on how you use it. Elezia's **【Fatigue Transference】** can tire your enemies, but my **【No Fatigue】** has no such effect"

"But **【Fatigue Transference】** doesn't activate unless there's someone that it can spread on. I can get tired if I am alone. And I can't stay asleep because I don't get tired easily.

And last, **【Fatigue Transference】** doesn't discriminate friend or foe. So if you stay with me, fatigue will spread to our allies..."

That was the reason Elezia kept people away.

"Anyway, if you stay with me, Elezia won't get tired and I won't get tired right?"

That's why Elezia can repeat simple work with me and quickly raise our skill"

"E-en, if it's a continuous simple work then..."

Elezia muttered and her face got pale.

By the way, I had verified that my **【No Fatigue】** and Elezia's **【Fatigue Transference】** will interfere each other back in the crow's nest.

An ability to "not get tired" and "transfer fatigue".

It's a relationship like spear-shield contradiction, but what happens if these 2

collide?

There are 3 possible outcome.

1. 【Fatigue Transference】 doesn't work on the owner of 【No Fatigue】 (The fatigue didn't transfer in the first place)
2. 【No Fatigue】 got tired because of【Fatigue Transference】 (They don't cancel each other)
3. The fatigue transfers to the owner of 【No Fatigue】 but the effect is canceled (The fatigue transfers but then disappears)

Case 1: Elemia tires. Case 2: I tire. Case 3: Both of us not tire.

And the conclusion is Case 3 is right. I confirmed it in a simulated fight back at the crow's nest.

It's the best result for both of us.

In other words, as long as Elemia is close with me, she won't get tired.

After my passionate speech, Elemia's face looked irritated.

She pointed at me and spoke.

".....nee, Edgar. You were talking about "You don't need qualification to stand next to me" and so..... As expected, you were only after my skill"

"N-n-no! It's ridiculous!! Thi-ummm... etto... actually..."

Elelia laughed looking at my desperate attempt to make excuses.

"I know. Edgar wouldn't look at me only because of my skill" (TL: English is hard. can someone paraphrase it for me?)

A delicate way of stabbing someone with words, I had a cold sweat.

"Was it half-skill and half-me? I hope my ratio is bigger than half"

"Only half of you is unthinkable!"

Even without 【Fatigue Transference】, Elelia is Elelia..."

"Jaa, I don't need to do skill raising with you?"

"uu..... iya, that is, I want Elelia to help raising the skills to increase our overall strength..... so I really wish for Elelia's cooperation....."

I panicked and she laughed even more.

"Fufu. I'm kidding I'm kidding. Personally, I also want to be stronger"

"O-okay... that's good..."

I let out a sigh and Elemia was smiling while watching me.  
I asked for her consent to use **【Appraisal】** on her.

《

Elelia (《Shrine Maiden of Darkwood Forest》)

Age 7

Dark Elf

Level 21

HP 30/30

MP 67/67

Skill

▪ Legendary

**【Fatigue\_Transference】**—

▪ Master\_Class

**【Sneak】**4

**【Sense\_Presence】**4

**【Assassination Techniques】**3(↑1)

**【Discern】**3(↑2)

▪ General

**【Assassination Skills】**9(MAX)

**【Shuriken\_Techniques】**6(↑1)

**【Dagger\_Techniques】**6(↑2)

**【Night\_Vision】**5(↑1)

**【Dark\_Magic】**5(↑1)

**【Close Combat】**4(↑1)

**【Knife Throwing】**3

**【Light\_Magic】**3

**【Mana\_Perception】**3

**【Lightning Magic】**3(NEW ! )

**【Jump】**2

**【Far\_Sight】**2

## 【Wind\_Instruments】2

《Blessing of Darkwood Forest》(Medium compensation to the acquisition of Skills (including magic) related to sensing presence and concealment )  
》

Her skill level were rising as a whole due to the training back in 〈Yatagarasu〉 and the battle with the fire drake, but her level had not because we didn't defeat the drakes.

Even among the boy's group, Miguel, Beck, and Donna who has a solid battle style, Elemia's status was really irregular.

The reason was other than having excellent aptitude for reconnaissance, Elemia was good at battle involving magic rather than simple close combat.

But the most important.

"Does 《Shrine Maiden of Darkwood Forest》 is considered magic related title?"

"Magic related title?"

I explained the maximum MP extension method which can only be used when having titles related to magic.

The question is whether the 《Shrine Maiden of Darkwood Forest》 falls under the magic related title.

If you ran out of MP and faint, you will go into an irregular growth sleep, so in my case, I will sleep for 10 minutes instead of 3 hours.

I couldn't ask her to sleep now, so I must ask Elemia to use up her MP before going to bed tonight.

"Do you know your aptitude?"

"Un, I went to a temple once to look at it"

According to it, Elemia's aptitude was as follows.

S: Reconnaissance, Dark, Mind, Soul, Mana Perception (TL: 精神 as Mind and 靈魂 as Soul. Tell me if you have another suggestion)

A: Close Combat (Dagger, Knife), Throwing, Perception, Light

B: Fire, Sword, Bow, Mana Manipulation

C: Earth, Water, Wind, Spear

Z: Spirit

By the way, I haven't heard anything about lightning attribute since it's rare. As with other people's aptitude diagnosis, it seemed that the priests ended up failed to determine the level of minor and rare aptitudes.

If I have the opportunity, I'd like to experience aptitude diagnosis for minor aptitudes. Specifically, I'd like to grasp the usefulness of 【Lightning Magic】 and its suitability for guns.

"What's the soul skill?"

"Necromancy, to summon a demon or something similar. Some dark elves from Darkwood Forest can use them"

"Your magic is good, but the aptitude for 4 standard attribute is not good"

"As a shrine maiden, we had been assimilated into darkness and trained to blend.

No, it's because of our aptitude that we were chosen as shrine maidens"

"I want to make the best use of your magical aptitude, is there any passive way to use it?

How about trying 【Lightning Magic】?"

"Is it the same as 【Light Magic】 or is it something harder?"

"It's between A and B, maybe B+?

For now let's extend 【Lightning Magic】 and learn 【Thunder Magic】.

I think paralyzing thunder matches Elemia's battle style. If you remember 【Steel Thread Techniques】, you can also use it on the steel.

And eventually 【Dark Magic】 and mind, I guess we can try explore the soul magic.

...I'm looking forward to it"

Putting me aside, I couldn't bear to grin at her future, Elemia who has the potential to forcefully level her skills.

"...fufu. un, I'm looking forward to it"

With the sky changing from orange to deep blue, Elemia was smiling with a

soft smile.